

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF GODS RE-
VENEGE, AGAINST THE
crying, and execrable Sinne of Murther :

OR

His Miraculous discoueries and seuere
punishments thereof:

In thirty seuerall Tragickall Histories (digested in fixe
Bookes) *acted in diuers Countries beyond the Seas, and neuer*
till now published, or imprinted in any Language.

Histories, which containe great variety of memo-
rable accidents, Amorous, Morall and Diuine, very
necessary to restraine, and deterre vs from this bloody
Sinne, which, in these our dayes, makes so ample,
and so lamentable a progression.

Written by IOHN REYNOLDS.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

PSAL. 9. 6.

The Lord is knowne in executing Iudgement, and the wicked in the worke
of his owne hand.

PRO. 14. 27.

The feare of the Lord is a well-spring of life, to auoyde the shares of death.

LONDON,

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of the golden Buck, neere *Sericants Inne*. 1631.

THE
TRIALS
OF GODS RE
VENGE, AGAINST THE

of the godless and the wicked

OR

The Malignant Conscience and the

Conscience of the

of the godless and the wicked

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of the godless and the wicked

of the godless and the wicked



TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE,

GEORGE, LORD MARQUIS

of Buckingham, &c.

RIGHT HONORABLE,



*Bout some two yeeres
since, I (from beyond
the Seas) presumed to
send your Ho. two
seuerall pregnant te-
stimonies, as well of my affection to your
seruice; as of my zeale to your prospe-
rity; not that I performed those then,
or remember them now, in regard of
your fortunes, but of your vertues; for
I know, that to flatter, is to betray*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Greatnesse: a vice most ignoble in it selfe, and therefore, most improper for your Honours receite, or acceptance, sith your actions still make it apparent to our Sacred Soueraigne, and his most Excellent Maiesty to all the World, that you are truly Honourable, truly Noble: and now to second my two former acknowledgements, of zeale and duty, to your Honour; with this third, f (though in a lesse serious, yet more publike manner) presume to make you the worthie and Noble Patrone of the first booke of my Tragicall Histories (some of the meane obseruations and collections of my slender trauels,) wherein, The triumphs of Gods reuenge, against the crying and execrable sinne of murther, are so eminent and

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

and conspicuous, that (except my hopes betray my iudgement,) they are made obuious to the sight, and consequently profitable to the soule of a Christian; and not to prophane, either your Honours eares, or my pen, with the least sparke or shadow of an vntruth; My presumption had not beene so ambitious, to haue committed these Histories to the presse, except with a desire, that in some sort they might thereby repressse that hellish sinne, 'gainst which they soly contest and fight, and which in these our dayes (with as much pittie as grieve) makes so bloody and so lamentable a progresion thereby to serue as stops and preuentions, in our England, in imitation of the Cataracts of Nylus, which keepe Egypt from being submerg'd with her Inundation.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tion : nor had I aspired to shelter them
vnder the wings of your Honors pa-
tronage and protection, but that there-
by they might finde the surer passage,
in conuersing with the different opini-
ons, and the safer, in meeting with the
selfe-pleasing censures of the World;
and, if your Ho. please, select some
few houres from your more serious
and weighty affayres, and so vouch-
safe imploy them on the different acci-
dents these Histories report and re-
late. I (with as much humility as
confidence) presume, that you will e-
steeme them, if not profitably lent, yet
not prodigally nor viciously cast away,
in the perusall and contemplation
thereof: Howsoeuer, they proceed from
his pen, whose heart not only admires
and honours your vertues, but reioy-
ceth

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*ceth in (the reward thereof,) your
fortunes : for I live not, if in the sin-
cerity and candeur of my soule, I
wish not that your Ho. may still re-
mayne firme to those, and these eter-
nally fixed, and constant to you: and
from your Ho. successiue, to
your posterity, transcendently to your
Name.*

Your Honours in
all duty and
seruice,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

A

The Little Dictionary

each in (the second thereof) one
penny; for I find not it in the
Index and Catalogue of my Library.
I do not find your Lib. in the
Index of the Lib. of the
University, and find not it in the
Index of your Lib. (presumed) in
your Library, transmitted to me.

Yours humble servant
all day and
night

John R. Smith

A



The Author his Preface to the Reader.

Christian Reader, wee cannot sufficient-
ly bewaile the iniquity of these last
and worst daies of the world, in which
the crying and scarlet sinne of mur-
ther makes so ample, and so bloody
a progression: for wee can now scarce turne our eare
or eye any where, but wee shalbe enforced, either
to heare with pittie the mournesfull effects, or to
see with grieve the lamentable Tragedies thereof:
as if wee now so much degenerated from our
selues, or our hearts from our soules, to thinke that
*^a Christ were no longer our Shepheard: ^b or wee the
sheepe of his Pasture: or as if wee were become such
wretched and execrable Atheists, to beleue ^c There
were no Heauen, to reward the Righteous: or Hell, to
punish the vngodly.* But if wee will diuert our hearts
from Earth to Heauen, and rayse and erect our
soules from Satan to God, wee shall then not
onely see what engendereth this diabolicall passion
in vs: but also finde the meanes to detest and roote
it out from amongst vs.

To which end it is requisite, wee first consider,
that our enemies, who oppose our tranquillity in

^a Psal. 23.

1.

^b Psal.

100. 3.

^c Matt. 25.

34, 41.

The Preface.

this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither so few in number, nor so weake in power, that wee should thinke our selues able to vanquish, e're we fight with them: for wee haue to encounter with the bewitching World, the alluring Flesh, and the inticing Diuell: not with three simple souldiours or poore Pigmeies, but with three valiant and puissant Chief-taines, subtile to incampe, dangerous to assaile, and powerfull to fight.

The World, that it may bewitch vs to its will, assayles vs with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honours, Preferments, Sumptuous houses, Perfumed Beds, vessels of Gold and Siluer, Pompons Apparell, Delicious fare, Variety of sweete Musike, Dancing, Maskes and Stage-playes, delicate Horses, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thousand other inticements and allurements.

The flesh presents vs with Youth, Beauty. *The lust of the eye, and the Pride of life: with inordinate affection and lasciuious desires,* with a piercing eye, a vermilion cheeke, golden hayre, and a slender waste: and although it discouer vs not all these perfections of Nature in one personage: yet, hee shewes vs most of them in diuers, and then if any thing want to captiuat our affections, wee shall heare them marry their *Siren* voyces, to their owne Lutes and Vials, or their dancing feete to those of others: or if this will not suffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Crisping, Paynting, Amorous kisses, Sweete smyles, Suggested speeches, Wanton embracings, and Lasciuious dalliance, will vndertake to play a World in loue. On the other side, Strength, Nimblenesse, Agility.

^d 1. Ioh. 2.

16.

^e Coloff.

3. 5.

The Preface.

Agility of body, Sloth, Luxurie, Gluttony, Intemperancy, Drunkenness, Voluptuousness and Sensuality will cast vs out so faire (I meane so trecherous) a lure, as if wee stoope thereto, wee shall buy our pleasure with repentance, and our delight therein, will prooue our ruine and destruction.

And now, if neither the World, nor the Flesh can intangle, or insnare our hearts, *Then comes the diuell that roaring Lyon, who walkes about, seeking whom he may deuoure, that mortall enemy, and a Arch-traytor to our soules, that Prince of darkenesse, whose subtilty is the more dangerous, & malice the more fatall, in that he transformes himselfe into an Angell of light, thereby to make vs heires and slanes of his obscure kingdome*: yea, hee will proffer vs more, then either our tongues can demand, or our hearts desire: for all the pompe, treasure and pleasures of the World, yea, all that is in the world, and the world it selfe, hee will prostrate and giue vs, if wee will consent to obey him, and promise to fall downe and adore him, and for a pledge of his infernall bounty and liberality, hee will puffe vs vp with Pride, Arrogancy, Ambition, Vayne-glorie, Ostentation, Disdayne, Couetousnesse, Singularity, Affectation, Confidence, Security: and if all these allurements will not preuaile to subdue vs: hee hath yet reserued troopes and forces, and another string to his Bow: for then exchanging his smiles into frownes, and his calmes to stormes, hee will giue vs Pensiuenesse, Griefe of minde and body, Affliction, Sorrow, Discontent, Choler, Enuy, Indignation, Despaire, Reuenge and the like.

f 1. Pet. 5.

8.

Reuel.

12.9.

h Ioh. 12.

31.

Ephes. 6.

12.

i 2. Cor.

11.14.

k Luk.4.

6,7.

The Preface.

Yea, hee will watch vs at euery turne, and waite on vs at euery occasion: for are wee bent to reuenge, hee will blow the coales to our choler: are we giuen to sorrow & discontent, he will thrust and hale vs on to despaire: are wee inclined to Wantonneffe and Lasciuiousnesse, hee will fit vs with meanes and opportunity to accomplish our carnall desires: or are wee addicted to couetousnesse and honours, hee will either cause vs to breake our hearts, or our neckes, to obtaine it: for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner wee enlarge and fill vp the emptie roomes of his vast and internall kingdome,

Thus wee see how powerfull our three capitall enemies are, yea, what a clowde, nay, what a World of subordinate meanes and instruments, they haue not onely to insnare, but to destroy vs: yea, not onely to conquer our hearts, but which is worse, to make ship-wracke of our soules? And from hence comes our misery: yea, from these three fatall trees we gather the bitter fruit of our perdition.

But against all these temptations and dangers, against all these our professed enemies in generall, and each of them in particular: We may swimme in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage vpon the face of the earth without terrour or destruction, if wee will consider, and in considering remember that ¹ God is our Creator, ^m Christ our Saniour, and the Holy Ghost our Sanctifier and comforter: that wee are honoured with the resemblance of God, whose stampe and character wee beare, and enriched with immortall and ^o liuing

¹ Gen. 1.

27.

Psal. 115.

6.

^m Ioh. 10.

28. 11. 25.

^o Gen. 2. 7

The Preface.

uing soules: which sacred priuiledges and Diuine
 perogatiues lift vs vp by many degrees of excellen-
 cy: about the rest of all his creatures, whom hee
 hath made for our seruice, and we onely to serue
 and glorifie him: That hee hath made the World
 for a thorow-fare, and vs as Passengers: That we
 haue no abiding City heere; but must seeke one in
 the World to come: That the World is ours but
 for a season, and Heauen our patrimony and inher-
 itance for euer: That the pompe and pleasures
 thereof are but transitory and temporary, and that
 the vanity thereof passeth away as dust or smoake
 before the winde; whereas those of Heauen are
 both immortall and eternall: *That our flesh is but
 like flowers that fade, and grasse that withereth, but a
 masse of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a
 coffin of dust and ashes: that the best of its beauty
 is but vanitie and deformity, and the end of its
 bravery, but rottenesse and putrifaction. If, I
 say, wee spurne as the vanity of the world, contemne
 the pleasures of the flesh, and scoffe at the tempta-
 tions of Satan, vsing the first, as it wee vsed it
 not, making the second the Temple of the Holy
 Ghost, and not the members of a harlot, and that wee
 are so faire from fearing, as wee desie the third,
 setting our affections on things that are above, and
 not on things of the earth: for if we will be heires of
 the Church triumphant, we must bee first soul-
 diuers of the Militant, and so following the ad-
 uise and direction of the Apostle, stand against
 all these our enemies. Having the whole spiritual
 Armory girt about us, as the girdle of Truth, the Breast-
 plate*

P Genes. 1.
 28.
 9 Isai. 43.
 21.
 1 Heb. 13.
 14.

1 Psal. 102.
 3.
 Isai. 40.7.
 1 Psal. 39.5

1 1. Cor. 6.
 15.

2 Coloss.
 3.2.

7 Ephes. 6.

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plate of Righteousnes, the Shield of Faith; the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit, not to catch at these allurements, or to be caught by them; not to strike sayle, or stoope to these afflictions, or to hang downe our heads, as if wee gaue way to them: or were contented that our weakenesse should yeeld to their strength, or our ioyes to their afflictions: rather to stand vp courageously, and to repell and resist them manfully, considering that wee are not onely heires, but coheires with Iesus Christ, in the participation and felicity of that heauenly Hierusalem, whose ioyes are infinite, and glory eternall.

I deny not but afflictions, and temptations may befall vs, yea, I acknowledge they are subiect and incident to the best & dearest of Gods children, whom hee will trie in the fire, to see whether they will prooue siluer, or drosse: yea, hee will come with his Fanne and winnow them, to see whether they are Wheat or Chaffe, Corne or Damell: But the Children of God should ^b *reioyce in tribulations,* and ^c *account it exceeding ioy,* when they are tempted: yea, they must consider ^d *that God tempteth no man with euill:* but it is our owne concupiscence that drawes and inticeth vs to it. In which respect, wee may iustly say, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a misery and madnesse to follow and embrace it.

For why should discontent cast vs into despaire, except wee will resemble the foolish Saylor, who abandoneth the Helme in a storme, when hee hath most neede to vse it? or the simple fish, that leapes from

^b Rom. 5.

3.

^c Iames 1.

2.

^d Iames 1.

13, 14.

The Preface.

from the Pan to the fire? Or those ignorant fooles, who, to shelter themselves from the raine, runne into the riuer? For are we tempted? *The Lord will hold vs vp by his right hand, yea, hee will not fayle those that seeke him: For he is our Rocke and our fortress, our shield and our refuge: yea although hee hath wounded vs, hee will binde vp our wounds. And that wee may yet see a farther benefit, that accrueth to those that are tempted, let vs read with ioy, and retaine with comfort, that Blessed is the man that indureth temptation, for hee shall receiue the Crowne of life, which the Lord hath promised to those that loue him: yea they that trust in the Lord, shalbe as Mount Sion, which cannot bee remooued, but abideth for euer.*

When therefore (amongst other temptations) choler so farre preuayleth with vs, (or rather the diuell with our choler,) that we imagine mischief in our hearts, or lift vp our hands against our Christian brother; let vs then consider what the Apostle tells vs from God: *Hee that hateth his brother, walketh in darkenesse, and knoweth not whither hee goeth: yea, Hee that loues not his brother, is not of God.* Hath any one therefore offended thee? Why, consider he is a man, and no Angell, and as subiect to infirmities as thy selfe; as also, that there is no perfection in any but in God: then, that he is thy brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that hee beares the same image and resemblance of God, as thy selfe doest: in which regard thou art counselled, *Not to let the Sunne goe downe on thy wrath: That thou seeke after Peace and follow it: That*

• Psal. 73.

23.

• Psal. 9.

10.

• Psal. 18.

2.

• Hof. 6. 1.

1 James 1.

12.

• Psal.

125. 1.

1. 1. Ioh. 2.

11.

1. Ioh. 3.

10.

• Ephes. 4.

26.

• 1. Pet.

3. 9.

• Coloss.

3. 13.

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92. Cor.
13 11.

wee forbear and forgive one another, as Christ forgives us, and that if we live in Peace, the God of Peace will be with us.

† Psal 145.
8.

But some there are (yea alas, too too many) who are so hardened in their hearts and sinnes, and so resolute in their wilfulnesse, as in stead of rellishing, they distaste, and in stead of embracing, reiect and disdain this Christian aduice and counsell, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing vp the Sluces and Flood-hatches to let in all impiety to their soules, they giue way to the trecherous baytes of the World, to the alluring pleasures of the flesh, and to the dangerous and fatall temptations of the diuell, and so cruelly imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of their Christian-brethren; and although the murthers of

† Gen. 4. 8.
† 2. Sam.
11. 17.
‡ 2. Sam.
3. 27.
‡ 1. Kings
21. 13.
‡ 2. Kings
11. 1.

† *Abel* by *Kain*. out of Enuie, of † *Triah* by *Dauid* for Adultery, of ‡ *Abner* by *Ioab* for Ambition, of * *Naboth* by *Iezabel* for Malice, and of † *Iehu* his Sonnes by *Athaliah* for Reuenge (with their seuerall punishments which God inflicted on them for these their heynous and horrible crimes) are presidents enough fearefull and bloody, to make any Christian heart dissolue into pittie, and regenerate soule melt into teares: yet, sith new examples ingender and produce fresh effects of sorrow and compassion, and as it were, leaue and imprint a sensible memory thereof in our hearts and vnderstandings, therefore I thought it a worke as worthy of my labour (as that labour of a Christian) to collect thirty seuerall Fragicall Histories, which for thy more ease, and perfecter memory, I haue digested into sixe seuerall

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Bookes, that obseruing, and seeing herein, as in a Christall myrrour; the variety of the diuels temptations, and the allurements of sinne, wherewith these weake Christians (the Authors and Actors hereof) suffered themselves to be carried away and seduced: Considering, I say, the foulness of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Christian brethren, some through blood, others through payson, as also Gods miraculous detection and seuer punishment thereof, in reuenging blood for blood, and death for death, yea, many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many, that the consideration of these bloody and mournfull Tragedies, may by their examples, strike astonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horror and terrour thereof may hereafter retaine and keepe vs within the lists of Charity towards men, and the bonds of filiall and religious obedience towards God, who tells vs by his Royall Prophet,² that *Whosoever makes a pit for others, shall fall into it himselfe: for his mischief will retorne vpon his owne head, & his crueltie fall vpon his owne pate.* Which we shall see verified in these, who seduced partly by sin, but chiefly by Satan, who is the author thereof, forgate the counsell of the Apostle,^a *If any one be afflicted, let him pray:* and grieved,^b *to poure forth their hearts before God:* not considering^c the efficacy thereof, nor how Moses made the bitter waters of Marah sweet thereby: yea, they builded not their faiths on God, and his promises on Christ and his Church, on his Gospell and his Sacrament, but spurned at all these Diuine comforts, and spirituall

B 2

blessings:

² Psal. 7.
14, 15.

^a Iam. 5.
13.
^b Psal. 62.
8.
^c Exod. 15.
25.

The Preface.

blessings : yea, and trampled that sweet-smelling Sacrifice of prayer vnder their feete, which is the Antidote and preseruatue of the soule against sinne, and the Bulwarke to repell all the fiery and bloody darts of Satans temptations : yea, the verie ladder whereby both the aspirations and eiaculations of our soules mount vnto God, and his benefits and mercies descend vnto vs: and this, and only this, was both the Prologue to their destruction, and their destruction it selfe: the which I present vnto the view, not onely of thine eyes, but of thy heart and soule: because it is a Vertue in vs. to looke on other mens Vices with hatred and detestation, imitating heerein. the wise and skilfull Pilot, who mournes to see the Rockes, whereon his neighbours haue suffered ship-wracke: and yet againe reioyceth, that by the sight thereof hee may auoyde his owne: which indeed is the true way, both to secure our safetie, and to prevent our destruction, as well of the Temporall life of our bodies in this World, as the Spirituall of our soules in that to come.

I must farther aduertise thee, that I haue purposely fetched these Tragicall Histories from foraine parts: because it grieues me to report and relate those that are too frequently committed in our owne Country, in respect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or scandalize their liuing friends; who rather want matter of new consolation, then cause of reuiuing old sorrowes, or because the iniquity of the times is such, that it is as easie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchase

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purchase one true friend : In which respect, I know that diuers, both in matters of this, and of other natures, haue beene so cautious to disguise and maske their Actors, vnder the vayles of other names; and sometimes beene inforced to lay their Scenes in strange and yknowne Countries.

For mine owne part, I haue illustrated and polished these Histories, yet not framed them according to the modell of mine owne fancies, but of their passions, who haue represented and personated them : and therefore if in some places they seeme too amarus, or in others too bloody, I must iustly retort the imperfection thereof on them, and not thy selfe on me : sith I only represent what they haue acted, and giue that to the publike, which they obscurely perpetrated in private.

My intent, desire, and prayer is, that if thou art strong in Christ, the perusing and reading of these Histories may confirme thy faith, and thy defiance of all sinnes in generall, and of Murther in particular : or if thou art but weake in the rules of Christian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may incourage & arme thee against the allurements of the World and the Flesh : but especially against the snares and inticements of the diuell, which may stirre thee vp either to Wrath, Despaire, Reuenge, or Murther : that by the contemplation thereof, thou mayest resemble the Bee, and not the Spider : and so draw honey from all flowers, but poyson from none.

It shall be the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labour, if by the sight of these Histories, thou reape any Spirituall comfort

The Preface.

or encouragement in this *Christian War-fare*, against the World, the Flesh and the Diuell, our three professed and fatall enemies: or if thou wilt bee so wilfully negligent of thine owne good, as to ride coast by other mens sinnes and Vices, yet with leisure take a curious and exact suruey of thine owne, and in seeing them, not onely endeuor, but strue to reforme them.

If this first Booke of my Tragicall Histories worke any good effect in thee, in causing thee to assume and take on a resolution to hate these sinnes in thy selfe, and to detest them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my promise, and the frontispice to thee, shall not be kept backe, or withheld thee, but in due time succeed this their elder Sister: hauing purposely enlarged thee this my Preface, because this one shall serue for all sixe Bookes, at least, if the rest bee so happy to see the world, or I so fortunate, that the World may see them. In the meane time, hoping that thy courtesie and charity will winke at some defects and imperfections, which may herein haue slipt either from my Pen, or the Presse, & wherof the malice of some, or peraduenture the ignorance of others may accuse themselves, by condemning me; I recommend these my labours, from their passion, to thy friendship; from their censure, to thy iudgement: and vs all to the protection of ^c God, *who is our life, and the strength of our dayes.* ^d *To whom be glory for euermore.*

^c Deut. 30.
20.
^d Psal. 104.
31.

Thy Christian friend,

IOHN REYNOLDS.



The grounds and contents of the Histories.

Hist. I.

Hauteselia causeth La Fresnay an Apothecary, to poison her brother Grand Pre and his wife Mermanda, and is likewise the cause that her said brother kills de Malleray her owne husband in a Duell: la Fresnay condemned to be hanged for a rape, on the ladder confesseth his two former murthers, and saith that Hautelesia seduced and hired him to performe them: Hautelesia is likewise apprehended: and so for these cruell murthers, they are both put to severe and cruell deaths.

Hist. II.

Pisani betrayeth Gasparino of his Mistresse Christeneta. Gasparino challengeth Pisani for this disgrace, and kills him in the field: he after continueth his sute to Christeneta: shee dissembles her malice for Pisani his death: shee appoints Gasparino to meete her in a Garden, and there causeth Bianco and Brindoli to murther him: they are all three taken and executed for the same.

Hist.

The Contents.

Hist. III.

Mortaigne, under promise of marriage, gets Ioscelina with child, and after converting his loue into hatred, causeth his Lackey la Verdure, & la Palma, to murder both her and her young son: the ielousie of Isabel-la to her husband la Palma, is the cause of the discouerie hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the same.

Hist. IV.

Beatrice-Ioana, to marry Alfemero, causeth de Flores to murder Alonso Piracquo, who was a suitor to her. Alfemero marries her, and finding de Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Tomaso Piracquo challengeth Alfemero for his brothers death. Alfemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his bodie throwne into the Sea: At his execution he confesseth, that his wife and de Flores murdered Alonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their granes, then burnt, and their ashes throwne into the ayre.

Hist. V.

Alibius murdereth his wife Merilla: hee is discovered, first, by Bernardo, then by Emelia his owne daughter: so hee is apprehended and hang'd for the fact.

THE



THE
TRIVMPHS OF
GODS REVENGE A-
GAINST THE CRYING
 and execrable sinne of
Murther.

Historie I.

*Hauteselia causeth La Fresnay an Apothecary, to poy-
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 Hauteselia is likewise apprehended: and so for these
 cruell murthers, they are both put to seuer and cruell
 deaths.*

IF our contemplation diue into elder
 times, and our curiositie turne ouer
 the variety of ancient and moderne
 Histories (as well Diuine as Humane)
 wee shall finde that Ambition, Re-
 uenge, and Murther, haue euer prooued fatall
 C crimes

crimes to their vndertakers : for they are vices which so eclipse our iudgements, and darken our vnderstandings, as wee shall not onely see with griefe, but finde with repentance, that they will bring vs shame for glory, affliction for content; and misery for felicity : now as they are powerfull in men, so they are (sometimes) implacable in women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in these sinnes : as if that could adde grace to their bodies, that deforms their soules, or lustre and prosperity to their dayes, that makes shipwracke both of their fortunes and liues. It is with griefe and pity (yea not with passion, but compassion) that I instance this in a Gentlewoman, who was borne to honour, and not to shame, had not these three aforeseyd vices (like so many infernall furies) layne her glory in the dust, and dragged her body to an vntimely and infamous graue : It is a History that hath many sorrowfull dependances, and which produceth variety of disastrous and mournfull accidents : wherein (by the iust iudgement of God) wee shall see Ambition bitterly scourged, Reuenge sharply rewarded, and Murther seuerely punished, by whose example, if all that professe Religion, become lesse impious, and more truly religious, we shall then leade the whole course of our liues in such peacefull and happy tranquillity, as (arming our selues with a resolution to liue and dye in the fauour of Heauen) we need not feare eyther what Earth, or Hell can doe vnto vs. The History is thus :

Neere *Auxone* (a strong and ancient Towne vpon

vpon the frontiers of *Burgundy*, and the free Countrey dwelt an aged graue Gentleman (nobly descended, and of very fayre demaynes) named *Monsieur de Grandmont*, who had to his wife a vertuous Lady, termed *Madamoyse de Carnye*, the onely daughter of *Monsieur de Buserat*, a worthy Gentleman of the Citie of *Dole*: this married couple for a long time liued in the greatest height of content, that either Earth could affoord, or their hearts desire, for as one way they grew opulent in lands and wealth, so another way they were indewed with three hopefull Sonnes, *Grand-Pre*, *Vileneuse*, and *Masseron*, & with two daughters, *Madamoyse de Hautelesia*, and *de Cressye*: a fayre posterity: they blest in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themselues blest in them: so as (to the eye of the world), this one family promised to make many, (especially sith the youngest of the fiue had already attayned its tenth yeere) but God in his providence ordayned the contrary.

Grand-Pre (as the first and chiefe pillar of the house) craues leaue of his Father, that hee might serue his apprenticeship in the warres, vnder the command of that incomparable Captaine, *Graue Maurice* then Earle of *Nassaw*, now Prince of *Orenge*. *Vileneuse* delighting in bookes, his Father thought fit to send to *Pont-au Mousson*, and thinking to retayne *Masseron* with him; hee for his beauty was begg'd a Page by that valorous Marshall of *France*, who so wilfully & vnfortunately lost his head in the *Bastille of Paris*.

As for their two daughters, *Hautelesia* liued with

her Parents; and *de Cressye* they presented to a great Lady of *Burgundie*, who was long since the most afflicted and sorrowfull Wife and Mother to the Barons of *Lux*, Father and Sonne, who were both slaine by that generous and braue *Lorayne* Prince, the Knight of *Guyse*.

But behold the inconstancy of fortune, or rather the power and pleasure of Heauen, which can soone metamorphose our mirth into mourning, our ioyes into teares, and our hopes into despayre: for within the compasse of one whole yeere, we shall see three of these fiue Children layd in their graues, and of three seuerall deaths, for *Vileneuse* was drowned at *Pont-au Mousson* as he bathed himselfe in the Riuer: *Masseron* was killed in a Duell at *Fontaine-bleau* by *Rossat* a *Gascon*, being Page to the Duke of *Espernon*: and *Hauteselia* dyed at home of a burning Feauer with her Parents: a triple losse, which doth not only afflict their hearts and soules, but also seemes to drowne their eyes with a deluge of mournfull and sorrowfull teares.

Grandmont and *de Carny*. his Wife, being thus made vnfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their Children, they resolute to call home their other two, to be comforts and props to their olde age, but their hopes may deceiue them. First, from the Baronesse of *Lux* comes *de Cressye*, who succeeding her sister, we must now terme by the name (or rather by the title) of *Hauteselia*: who hath a great and bloody part to act vpon the Theater of this History: and after her very shortly comes *Grand-Pre* from *Holland*, where (in diuers seruices) he

he left many honourable and memorable markes of his prowesse and valour behinde him.

Vpon his arriual to his Fathers house, the flowre of all the nobility and gentry of the Country, come to condole with him, for the death of his brothers and sister, as also to congratulate his happy returne (an office and complement which expresseth much affection and ciuility) they finde *Grand-Pre* a braue complete Gentleman, not in outward pride, but in inward generosity and vertue, not in the vanity of fashions and apparell, but in the perfections and endowments of his minde and body: he is wholly addicted to the exercise of warre, and not to the art of courting of Ladies; his delights are in the campe of *Mars* and *Bellona*, and not in the Palace of *Venus* and *Cupid*, well knowing that the one will breede him honour and glory, the other shame and repentance; his pastimes are not crisping and powdering of his hayre, quarrelling his taylor for the fashion of his clothes, dancing in veluet pumps, and tracing the street in a neate perfumed boote with iangling spurres, yea hee resembleth not young spruce Courtiers, who thinke no heauen to braue apparell, nor Paradise to that of their Mistresse beauty: for he onely practiseth riding of great horses, tilting, running at ring, displaying the Colours, tossing the Pike, handling his Musket, ordering of Ranke and File, thereby to make himselfe capable to conduct and embattaile an Army, & to enuiron, fortifie, or besiege a City or Castle, or the like: yea, he spurnes at the Lute and Viall, and vows there is no musike to the rattling of the Drumme and

Trumpet, and to the thundering of the Musket and Cannon: but this warlike and martiall humor of his shall not last long: wherein we may obserue the vanity of our thoughts, the inconstancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our resolutions; for now we shall shortly see *Grand-Pre* hate that he loued, and loue that he hated, yea, we shall see him so plunge and drowne himselfe in the beauty of a fayre and sweet Gentlewoman, as hee shall leaue *Holland* for *Burgundy*, Warre, for Peace, Armes, for Loue, and Enemies, for a Mistris; but tyme must worke this alteration and Metamorphosis.

The old Gentleman his Father, seeing *Grand-Pre's* Martiall disposition, feares lest this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to seeke warres abroad, sith hee findes none at home, and therefore desirous of his company and presence, in that it will sweeten his former afflictions, and giue life to his future hopes and content: He proffers him the choyce of many rich and fayre young Gentlewomen for his Wife, of the best and most ancient families in and neere *Auxone*: but *Grand-Pre* is deafe to these requests and motions, and thinks it a disparagement and blemish to his valour, if hee should any way listen or giue way thereto: the which his Father perceiuing and vnderstanding, he bethinkes himselfe of a further inuention, and so resolves at winter to leane the Countrey, and to reside in the City of *Dijon*, (famous for the ancient seate of the Dukes of *Burgundie*, and for the present Court of Parliament) hoping that there, amongst the multitude

multitude of sweete Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned: his Sonne *Grand-Pre* might at last espy some Paragon of nature, whose beauty might haue power to subdue and captiuate his affections, and indeed (as the sequell will shew) the euent answereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand-Pre* went to the royall Chappell to heare Father *Iustinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, hee opposite to him, espies a most delicate and beautifull young Lady, slender of body, tall of stature, sayre of taint and complexion, hauing a quicke and gracious eye, with pure and delicate hayre of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in apparell, yet farre richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfect beautie: in a word, she was so amiable and so louely, so sweete and so pleasing to his eyes, as at her very first sight, *Grand-Pre* could not refrayne from blushing, as being rauished with the sweetnesse of so sweete an object, so as his heart panted and beat within him, as being not accustomed to encounter with such beauties, or with such suddaine passions and alterations.

Now by this time this young Gentlewoman (whose name we shall anon know) could not but perceiue with what earnestnesse and delight *Grand-Pre* beheld her, and seeing him to be a proper yong Gallant, and richly appareled and followed, shee could not refrayne from dying her Lilly cheekes with a vermillion blush, which gaue such grace to her beauty, and so enflamed our poore *Grand-Pre*, as hee could no longer resist the influence of such
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amorous assaults : and now it is that his thoughts strike sayle to affection, and his heart doth homage to beautie, so as hee reuokes his former opinion conceiu'd against the power and dignity of loue, which hee now holds erroneous, and in his heart vowes, that there is no such felicitie in the World, as to inioy the Lady of his desires, whom his eyes and soule chiefly honour and adore : But if he bee insnared & imprisoned in the fetters of her beautie, no lesse is she in those of his personage, onely shee is more coy and precise in the exterior demonstration thereof: for as hee cannot keepe his eyes from gazing on her : so she seemes but to looke on him by stealth, or if shee transgresse that Decorum ; shee immediatly in outward apparance checks her eyes from ranging beyond the lists of immodestie and discretion.

But by this time, to the griefe of our new Louers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart: so their eyes with much discontent and vnwillingnesse, for that time take leaue each of other, and here *Grand-Pre* making a turne or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, first with griefe, that he is depriv'd of his Mistris sight, and then with sorrow, that hee neither knowes her nor her name : But as loue refines our wits, and giues an edge to our inuentions, so hee shewes her to his Page, and sends him to make secret enquiry, what shee is. His Page speedily returnes, and informes him, that she is *Madamoyselle Mermanda*, eldest daughter to *Monsieur de Cressonville*, one of the chiefe Presidents of the Court of Parliament.

Grand-

Grand-Pre extremely reioyceth to know what she was, and farre the more, in respect hee sees it no disparagement either to himselfe or his house to marry her : and therefore omitting all other designs and resolutions (and bidding farewell to the warres) hee resolues to seeke her in marriage, to which end, the next day hee of set purpose with a Gentleman or two of his intimate and familiar friends, insinuates himselfe fairely into her fathers house, who being absent whiles they entertayne the mother, he (vnder colour of other conference) courts the daughter : yea now his affection to her is by many degrees redoubled, because hee sees, the excellency of her minde is answerable to that of her person, and now shee comming likewise to know him, is as it were rapt vp in the contemplation of a thousand sweet contents, which so worke on her affection (or rather on her heart) as if hee thinkes himselfe happie in seeking such a Mistresse, shee esteemes her selfe blest in finding such a seruant.

Grand-Pre findes his first entertaynment from *Mermanda* to bee respectiue and pleasing: and so authorized by her courtesie and aduice, hee taking time at aduantage, goes to the old President her father, and bewrayes him his affection to his daughter, and the desire hee hath to obtayne her for his wife: so hauing begun his sute, hee leaues his father *Grandmont* to finish it, and continually frequents the company of his beautifull Mistresse *Mermanda*.

Her father *Cressonville* dislikes not this match, but

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deemes

deemes it both agreeable and honourable: onely he knowes that *Grandmont* hath likewise one onely daughter, and himselfe one onely sonne: so hee infinitely desires to make this a double match, therby to contract a more firme and stricter league betwixt their two houses: this is proposed and debated aswell betweene the young folkes, as the old Parents, and at last it takes effect, so as purposely omitting, first the conference, then the letters sent from *Grand-Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand-Pre*; from *D' Malleray* (*Cressonvilles sonne*) to *Hauteselia*, and from *Hauteselia* to *D' Malleray*; (because the inserting thereof would make this brieft history swell into an ample volume) these marriages, to the ioy of the Parents, and the sweet content of their sonnes and daughters, are pompously solemnized in *Dijon*, with all variety of feasting, dauncing and masking, answerable to their degrees and dignities. But these marriages shall not proue so fortunate as is hoped, and expected, neither was *Hymeneus* inuited thereunto, or if hee were, hee refused to come; and therefore *Lucina* will likewise saue her labour, because shee knowes that neither of these two young married Gentlewomen shall liue to make vse of her assistance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wish the euent of this History would giue the lie to this ensuing position, that there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I haue more reason to feare, then hope to beleue the contrary: for no sooner haue our two young couples reaped the fruits

fruits of marriage, and the felicity of their desires, but we shall see this sunne shine of their ioy overtaken with a dismall storme of grieve, sorrow and misfortune; whereby wee may obserue and learne, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity vnder the Sunne: but that all things in this World, yea the World it selfe is subiect to reuolution and change.

The manner is thus: *Hauteselia* enuies her Sister in law *Mermanda's* aduancement, and contemnes her owne; shee likes not to giue the hand to her, whom she knowes, is by descent her inferiour; and to speake truth, preferres a scarlet cloake before a blacke, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man: these ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from hell, will breed bad blood, and produce mournfull effects; yea peraduenture strangle her, who embraceth and practiseth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and milde nature, *Hauteselia* of an Imperious and reuengefull: neuer any married couple liued more contented, nor past more pleasant dayes, then did *Grand-Pre* and his faire *Mermanda* for the space of one whole yeere: wherein she bore her selfe so louing and courteous towards him, and hee so kinde and pleasant to her, as their sweet carriage, and honourable, and vertuous behauiour, was of all the World (*Hauteselia* onely excepted) highly praysed and applauded.

But *Hauteselia* enuying *Mermanda's* prosperitie and glory, because shee could neither paralell the one, nor equall the other, and seeing with no other eyes then those of Ambition and Enuie, bethinkes

her selfe how she might act her disgrace; and eclipse the splendour of her vertues and glory.

When remembring that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not farre from *Auxone*) sometimes visited her brother *Grand-Pre*, as also that hee verie lately had done her two vnkinde offices; the one by buying a Jewell from her which she was in price with, of a Gold-Smyth at *Dijon* faire, and the other for retayning a fine little white *Frisland* dogge, which his Page had stolne from her, shee thinks to giue two strokes with one stone, and at one time to be reuenged both of the Baron and of her Sister in law *Mermenda*.

Iudge, Christian Reader, what simple reasons and triuiall motiues, this inconsiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but shee is resolute therein, and as shee hath layd the foundation, so shee will perfect the edifice of her malice and reuenge: which to effect, shee sends a seruant of hers purposely neere *Auxone*, to her brother *Grand-Pre*, and writes him a letter to this effect: shee entreats him to come ride ouer to her, for shee hath a secret of importance to reueale him, which shee holds not fit to commit to Penne: and withall aduiseeth him to frame some excuse towards her husband, for his sodaine comming.

Grand-Pre arriues at *Dijon*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Sister, but hee discouers her to bee more sorrowfull then accustomed; he is ignorant what these clouds of her discontent import, or from whence they arise: but hee shall know too soone, and his curiositie shall pay deare to vnderstand

stand it. Supper ended, they fetch a walke in the garden, and so hee is conducted to his chamber: where his Brother in law *de Malleray* giuing him the good night, his Sister *Hauteselia* with teares in her eyes, informes him that shee knowes for certaine, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his wife *Mermanda*, yea beyond the bounds of honesty, the which shee must needs reueale him, because his honour is hers, which, as she is bound by nature, she will cherish and preserue as her owne life.

Grand-Pre amazed at this strange and vnlooked for newes, is like one lunatique, or rather starke madde: he stampes with his foote, throwes away his hatte, now casting himselfe on the bedde, then on the floore: yea, and had not his Sister preuented him, he had killed himself with his own sword; these are the wretched passions of iealousie, which transport our selues beyond our selues, and our reasons beyond the limits of reason: and now this vilde and malicious Sister of his (more out of policy then charity) vseth many prayers and perswasions, brings him againe to himselfe, and they conclude to keepe it secret from all the World, but withall, *Grand-Pre* vowes to bee sharply reuenged both of his wife, and also of the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hauteselia, hauing thus broached her inueterate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gipsie) betakes her selfe to her rest, leauing her brother not to sleepe, but to driue out the night in watchfulnesse and iealousie: who the next morne (sooner then his accustomed houre) riseth,

takes his leaue of his Brother and Sister, and so very pensiuē and sorrowfull rides home.

Mermanda findes her husband sad, and enquires the cause thereof: she prayes him, that if any griefe or misfortune haue besalne him, she may participate and beare the one halfe thereof, as she doth of his ioy and prosperitie: and as she was wont to doe, proffereth to kisse him; but hee slights her, and with much vnkindnesse and disdayne puts her off; whereat shee is amazed, as not acquainted with such discourtisie. After Supper (iealousie being his chiefeest dish; and griefe, hers) hee makes three or foure solitary turnes in the Court, and then sends his Page for his wife, who betwixt comfort and griefe, hope and despayre, presently comes to him: Hee demands her whether she will walke with him? she answereth, that his pleasure shal euer be hers: and that she will most ioyfully and willingly wait on him where he pleaseth: he brings her to a solitary groue, and there hauing choller in his lookes, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of dishonestie with the Baron of Betanford.

Poore *Mermanda*, as it were peared to the heart with the thunderbolt of this newes, falls to the ground in a fainting swoone: yea, *Grand-Pre* her Husband hath much adoe to recouer her, when comming againe to her selfe, shee with many volleys of sighes, and reuolets of teares, purgeth her selfe of that imputation and scandall: shee blames his credulity and ielousie; tearmes her accusers diuels and witches, inuokes heaven and earth to beare witnesse of her innocency: and withall cleeres the

Baron

Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and protesting by her part and hope of Heauen, that he neuer attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the least shadow of so vnchaste a motion.

Grand-Pre weighing her words, and seeing her bitter and sorrowfull teares, beleeueth his Wife, and so frees both her selfe and the Baron, prayes her to pardon him, and vowes that he will loue her dearer then before, and for euer forget and bury the memory thereof in perpetuall obliuion and forgetfulness.

But his Wife *Mermanda*, notwithstanding this submission and reconciliation of her Husband, is still vexed in minde, as finding it easie to admit griefe, but difficult to expell it: she knowes not what to doe, nor of vvhom to take aduice how she should beare her selfe in this straight and perplexity; for vvell she knowes, that if the Baron of *Betanford* should come to visite her Husband, as formerly he was accustomed to doe, it would reuine and confirme his ielousie, although they were both as innocent as innocency it selfe. Now she resolues to vwrite the Baron a letter to refrayne her house: but then she thinks it too much indiscretion and presumption to attempt it, or that the letter might be intercepted, or her husband haue newes thereof; but againe fearing his comming, and encouraged through her innocency, she resolues to write him, which she doth to this effect

[It is not with blushes, but teares, that I presume to write you, for indeed it grieues mee to publish my husbands

husbands folly, which by dutie I know I am bound to conceale: neither had I attempted it, but that griefe and necessity throwes mee on this exigent: for so it is, that my vnspotted chastity is not capable to defend him from zealousie, which makes mee as much triumph in mine owne loyaltye, as I grieve at his ingratitude, and not content to wrong mee: his folly, or rather his frensie hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cause thereof: but as your innocency can iustly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour, my innocency from the least shadow of that crime: so that wee may both endeavor, rather to quench then inflame this his irregular passion: I most humbly beseech you to refraine our house, and neither to visit mee, nor be familiar with him, and so peradventure, time may weare away from his thoughts, that which at present truth and reason cannot: your reluctant Vertues and true generositie assure mee of this courtesie, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your dayes may bee as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receiues this Letter, prayseth Mermandas discretion, and laughes at Grand-Pres folly; extollethe her innocency, and condemnes his iea-
lousie: He wilbe carefull to preferue a Ladies honour, especially one so truly chaste and honourable as Mermanda: he before had a purpose to see Paris; so now this occasion doth both crowne and confirme his resolution: He makes ready his preparatiues and baggage, and so takes Coach for that great

great City, which abounds with the greatest part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdome, but before his departure, hee returns Mermanda this answer:

Your vertues and my conscience, make us as vnmo-
 thie of your husbands ielousie, as hee of so chaste a
 wife as Mermanda, and so true a friend as Betanford:
 but as your affection to him hath still shined in your
 loyaltie, so it must now in your patience. Sith hee in this
 base passion of his seeking his owne shame, will at last
 assuredly finde out your glorie: had his folly reuealed
 mee so much as your discreets letter, I would haue ex-
 changed my penne to a sword, and with the hazard of
 my life, and the losse of my dearest blood, made knowne as
 well to him, as to the whole World, the truth, both of your
 chastity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency:
 in the meane time I will both embrace and obey your
 request, and will manage it with such obseruance to
 your husband, such respect to your vertues, and such
 regard to mine owne reputation, as I hope hee shall rest
 satisfied of your chastity towards himselfe, and of mine
 to you, otherwise I prize Ladies of your perfections at
 so high a rate, and set Cavaliers of his humor and in-
 clination at so low an esteeme, that I well know how to
 answer his oboller with contempt, and to requite your
 discretion, both with admiration and praise.

BETANFORD.

Mermanda verie ioyfully receiues this letter,
 but hers to the Baron produceth effects contrary
 to her hopes, for Grand-Pie vnderstanding of the

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Baron

Baron of *Betanfords* sodaine departure for *Paris* (as iealousie is full of eyes) he feares a plot betwixt him and his wife, and so confirms his former suspicion of her disloyaltie: hee therefore conuerts his loue into hatred towards her, and now (to shew the fruits and effects of his iealousie) refuseth her his bed, then which, to a chaste and vertuous wife, nothing can be more distastfull.

At this ingratefull discourtesie, poore *Merman-da* teares her haire, sigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in such pitifull sort, that it seemes, nothing in the World is capable to comfort her, but she conceales her griefe as secretly as she may; onely her pale cheekes and her discontented lookes, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, doe silently discouer and bewray it.

Her husbands father and mother, *Grandmont* and *de Carnye*, all this while know nothing of this discontent betwixt *Grand-Pre* and *Merman-da*; but their malicious and wretched daughter *Hautesellia* (whose malice neuer sleeps) hath spies in euery corner of her fathers house, who aduertise her thereof: whereat shee infinitely triumpheth and reioyceth. But this ioy of hers shalbe but as breath on Steele; or as smoake before the winde.

Grand-Pre this meane time, boyles with inueterate rage, and his iealousie carries him to such extremes, as he vowes to be reuenged, first of *Betanford*, then of his wife, to which effect hee pretends businesse to *Chaalons* (as what will malice leaue vnpretended?) and taking a choyce Horse, a Page and two Lackies with him, hee passeth a contrary way.

way, and comes first to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* (a dayes journey from *Paris*) where being verie priuate in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aside his Page, deliuer it him, and commands him, at breake of day to poast with all expedition for *Paris*; where being arriued, to goe to the Crowne of *France* in *Saint Honnories* street, and secretly to deliuer it to the Baron of *Bentanford*, to take his answere, and to returne the same night.

The Page, to obey his Masters command, seemes rather to flie, then poast: hee fitly findes out the Baron, and very fairely deliuers him the letter, who breaking vp the seale, therein findes these words:

You neede no other witnesse then your selfe to informe you, in how high a nature you haue wronged mee: and herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparant, as I had rather die then liue to digest it: for not to dissemble you my malice, as you haue done mee your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences then pardon this: therefore finde it not strange, that I request you to meete mee on Thursday morning next, at five or sixe, either with your Sword, or Rapier on horse-backe, or a foote at *Carency*, halfe a league from *Brie-count Robert*, where the bearer hereof shall expect you, so conduct you saulfly to a faire meadow, where without seconds I will attend you. It is impossible for me to receiue any other satisfaction, for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.

GRAND-PRIE.

At the reading hereof, the Baron is so farre
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from the least shew of apprehension or feare, as hee is pleasant and iocund: yea he causeth *Grand-Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner takes him aside, and speakes to him thus, *Tell thy Master, that I will not fayle to meete him on horse-backe without a second, at the houre and place appointed.* The next morne he dispeeds away a choyce horse, which his Lackey leads, and about tenne of the clocke, onely with his Chirurgion and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency* where he lodgeth.

The next morne being Thursday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand-Pre* pretending to goe to the Church, sends away his Page to *Carency*, to awaite and attend the Baron: and so onely with his Chirurgion hies himselse to the field: which hee first entered, and immediately (before hee had fully made foure turnes) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand-Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having onely his Chirurgion with him, and hauing left his Coach, Page and Lackey a furlong off, with command not to stirre, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (in stead of two Gentlemen for their seconds) dispose themselues (according to the order and ceremonies of Duels) to search the Combatants for coates of male, or the like: but they might haue eased themselues of this labour and curiositie; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to haue their valours tainted with this base point of cowardize, or trechery: yea in meere contempt thereof, they both of purpose had left their doublets belynde them: and now beginnes a
 Combate

Combate as memorable as bloody ; yea performed with such valour , dexterity and resolution, that as these times infinitely admire it, so succeeding ages will verie difficultly beleeue it.

They come into the field with a soft trot , and each hauing his enemy in front , and being neere fixe score paces distant, they giue spurres to their horses, and part like two flashes of lightning. At their first meeting , *Grand-Pre* runnes *Betanford* thorow the left shoulder : and *Betanford* onely wounds *Grand-Pre* in the right cheeke, close vnder the eye ; and being excellent horsemen , they turne short , and so againe fall to it with brauery and courage : in which incounter *Betanford* receiues a wide wound vpon the brawne of his right arme, and *Grand-Pre* another thorow his left side, which vndoubtedly had proued mortall, and so ended the Combate with his life , had not his sword glanced on a ribbe , and so ranne outwards ; and now they both retire to take breath , resolving to aduance with more fury : they part againe, *Betanford* runnes *Grand-Pre* thorow the necke, and he *Betanford* thorow the small of the arme, where meeting with the finewes and arteries, it causeth his sword to fall out of his hand , whereat hee is extremely perplexed and amazed.

Here perchance some base fellow (who had neuer been trayned vp in the schoole of honour, and therefore not deserued the title of a Gentleman) would haue wrought vpon the misfortune of this accident, and desired no better aduantage to dispatch his aduersary : but *Grand-Pre*, whose generositie in this I

commend, as much as I detest his ielousie, doth highly disdain to staine his honour and courage with this infamy, and so puts *Betanford* out of his apprehension and feare with these words: Baron, be couragious and cheerefull, for I will rather dye then disgrace my selfe so much, to fight with an vnarmed man, and so commands his Chirurgion to deliuer him his sword againe. *Betanford* is thankfull to him for this courtesie, and vowes he will neuer forget it.

Now although their wounds doe rather ingraine then imbroder their shirts with blood, yet their youth is so vigorous, their courage so inflamed, and their hearts so resolute and magnanimous, as they neither can nor will yet rest satisfied: in a word, they manage their horses brauely, and act wonders with their swords; for by this time they hauing run foure seuerall *Carieres*, *Betanford* hath receiued seuen wounds, and giuen *Grand-Pre*, ten; but the losse of all this blood (which now issued from their bodies, rather by spouts then drops) is not capeable to coole their courages: and so although with dust, sweate, blood, and wounds, they rather looke like Furies then men, yet they will not refraine fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieuing and pittying to see them, as it were drowned in their blood, and well knowing that they had performed more then they thought possible for men, they both agree, and so running with their hats in their hands, humbly pray them to desist and rest satisfied, by shewing them, that their swords and courages had already

already acted wonders beyond beliefe, and that it was pittie their Parents, Prince and Country should be deprived of such resolute and valorous Caualliers, then whom the World (vpon so vnfortunate an accident) hath seldome seene brauer: but they speake to the Winde, and receiue no other thanks, but this check from them both, that they are base fellowes, and know not what belongs to their function and dutie: and so raring and commanding them away: they once more deuide themselves, and with fresh resolution and courage, againe set spurres to their horses: but this encounter proues more happie to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand-Pre*: for as hee makes a thrust to *Betanford*, which mist and past vnder his right arme, without doing any other harme, then piercing and cutting thorow his shirt, *Betanford* (with all the courage and dexterity he had) runnes *Grand-Pre* thorow the belly into the reynes: with which vnfortunate wound, as also with a false pace, his horse then mad, hee fell from the Saddle to the ground speechlesse, sprawling and struggling, as if he were on the point to take his last farewell of the World: but he was not so happie, for hee shall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter die of a more mournefull and lamentable end.

Betanford, seeing *Grand-Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortall, and so alights: whereat his Chirurgeon with a loude voyce, cryed out, *Dispatch him, dispatch him*: but he calls him villaine for his labour, when, remembering the former courtesie hee had receiued of *Grand-Pre*, in regiuing him

him his sword, hee like a true Noble Gentleman vowes now to requite it, and so throwing it and his Hat away, he with out-spredd armes ran to embrace and assist him: yea hee prefers *Grand-Pre's* life before his owne, and with all possible speed commands his Chirurgion to bring and haste thither his Coach, and to his best power doth assist *Betansford*, in setting him vp, and ordering and binding vp his wounds: his Coach being come, he causeth him to bee layd in softly, and so hee in one boote, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeies attending them, they driue away to the verie next country house, where they hush themselues vp priuately: And here *Betansford* resembling himselfe, coniureth both the Chirurgions to vse their best art and chiefeest skill vpon *Grand-Pre*: and before hee would haue his owne wounds looked vnto, hee causeth his to bee opened: they doe it, and both concur in opinion, that his last wound is mortall: hee sees them dresse him, and vowes hee will not forsake him in this extremity, but will be more carefull of him then of himselfe. Reciprocall and singular demonstrations of courtesie and honour in these two Caualiers, which will make their memories famous to posteritie.

Betansford seeing *Grand-Pre* committed to sleepe, causeth his owne wounds to bee speedily searched and dressed, which are not found dangerous, and then takes order in the house, that *Grand-Pre* be furnished with all things necessary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like: yea, he ordereth matters

matters so, that all things might be done with great secrecie and silence, nor permitting any of his owne or *Grand-Pre's* seruants to bee scene forth the house to the end, that the newes of these their accidents might not be bruted or vented.

About noone, *Grand-Pre's* speech, by little and little comes to him, and likewise his memory, when *Betanford* absenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand came to his bed side, and hauing courteously saluted and comforted him, prays and coniures him, as hee is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand-Pre*, first sweare to mee on thine honour, thou wilt deliuer mee the truth of a question I will demand thee, and then I will shew thee. By my honour and fidelity, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for heauen, I will. Then Baron (quoth he) diddest thou neuer wrong me and mine honour, in being too familiar with my wife *Mermanda*? The Baron with many solemne protestations and religious oathes, cleeres both himselfe and *Mermanda*, and vowes, that his heart neuer thought it, much lesse his tongue euer attempted it. Whereat *Grand-Pre* verie humbly intreates him to excuse and pardon him, sith hee vnderstood and beleued the contrary, which was the onely cause of his discontent and challenge: adding withall, that he will, till death, esteeme him as his most honourable friend, and, as long as hee liues, will affect and loue his wife dearer then euer he had before. It is as great a happinesse to repaire and reforme errours, as a misery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* stayes verie secretly tenne dayes with *Grand-Pre* at the Country house, when seeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they resolute to depart. *Grand-Pre* kindly thanks *Betanford* for his life, and all other courtesies he hath receiued of him, and he as courteously doth the like to *Grand-Pre* for giuing him his sword wherewith hee preserved his owne, and so like honourable and intimate friends, they take leaue each of other, the Baron taking horse for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand-Pre* his Coach to returne to *Auxone*. Thus we see courtesie alwayes returneth with interest.

Grand-Pre at his comming home, kisseth and fawneth on his wife *Mermanda*, acquaints her with the occasion and euent of the Combate, condemneth his owne folly, and extolleth her chastity, prayes her to forgiue him againe this once for all, and vowes, that their liues not a brauer Noble man in the World then the Baron of *Betanford*: and to speake truth, she deserues this submission and reconciliation, and he that prayse.

At the knowledge hereof, I know not whether *Mermanda* (like a gracious and courteous wife) doe more grieue at her husbands wounds, then reioyce at his recovery and life: and now hee repenting and detesting his former error, renews his loue, affection, and friendship to her, the which he confirmeth and vniteth with a perpetuall and indissoluble Gordion knot: neuertheless the variety of her afflictions, and the excesse of her griefe and discontent, breeds her much weakenesse and sick-

sicknesse, which withereth the Roses and Lillies of her beauty.

But come wee from *Mermanda's* heauenly Vertues, to *Hauteselia's* diuellish Vices, which cannot be paralleled or compared, except by *Antibes*: for as *Mermanda* reposes her selfe vnder the shadow of her owne innocency, and liues in perfect loue and charity with all the World, so her wretched Sister in law *Hauteselia*, seeing her hopes and purposes preuented, will not sleepe in her malice, but sets her wits and reuenge vpon the tenter-hooks, to finde out another expedient, to bee ridde of *Mermanda*, who (in her wicked conceit) she thought was enemy to her content, and an eyesore to her ambition and Greatnesse.

Wee no sooner flie from God, but the diuell followeth vs, and it proues alwayes a miserable folly to be wise in wickednesse and sinne: *Hauteselia* is resolute in her rage, and cannot, or rather will not see Heauen for Hell; she bethinkes her selfe of another inuention to send *Mermanda* into another World, and so strikes a bargain with *La Fresnay* an Apothecarie for two hundred crownes to payson her: who like a limme of the diuell doth vnder take and promise it, the which (Ah grieve to thinke thereon!) he in lesse then two moneths performeth, and so this vertuous and harmelesse young Gentlewoman, is most vnnaturally and treacherously bereaued of her life, and brought to a mournfull and lamentable end: Which inhumane murder, we shall see, God in his due time will miraculously detect, and seuerely reuenge and punish.

Her husband *Grand-Pre* exceedingly bewayles her death, as also all her Parents and friends: yea to infinite were her vertues, and to sweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermanda*, lamented her decease: yet no way suspecting or knowing the violent and extraordinary cause thereof.

Now whiles others mourne, *Hantefelia* exceedingly triumphes and reioyces hereat: but this bloudy victory shall cost her deare. In the meane time *Mermanda's* single death can neither quench her reuenge, nor satisfie her ambition; for as shee liked not the Sister, so she (as before we haue partly vnderstood) neuer loued the Brother, her owne husband *de Malleray*, whom she obserued, verie bitterly wept and grieved at his Sister *Mermanda's* death: she therefore resolute to adde sinne to sinne, resolues to cast the apple of discord betwixt *Grand-Pre* her Brother, and *de Malleray* her husband, knowing that if the first were slaine, shee were sole heire to her father: if the second, she would haue a Nobler husband: a policy, whose inuention is as diabolically, as the execution thereof dangerous.

To which effect she informes her husband, that her brother *Grand-Pre* had killed his wife *Mermanda* with his ieaousie, that hee held her to bee the Baron of *Betanfords* strumpet, with whom for the same cause hee had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected he had poysoned her, the which she once thought for euer to haue concealed, but that she knew her husband

husband was, and ought to bee neerer to her then her brother. Good God, how farre will the malice of this wretched woman extend, or to what a monstrous height will it grow?

De Malleray grieved to the heart, for this heart-killing newes, because hee ever loued his Sister as dearly as his owne life, without considering and weighing whether his wiues words were drosse, or gold, beleeueth her: and so resolues verie secretly to acquaint the President his father herewith, thereby thinking and presuming, that hee would by order of law call *Grand-Pre* in question for the fact.

But old *Cressonville* (hauing aswell his head in his eyes, as his eyes in his head:) seeing that this suspicion and accusation had no firme grounds, that it was an intricate businesse to finde out, that it would breed a scandall to his family, and especially to his deceased daughters reputation, sith it is the nature of calumny to ayme at the most vertuous persons: as *Cantharides* doe at the fayrest flowers; that it would rake vp the dust of her tombe, and withall breed him an infinite number of Potent and powerfull enemies: therefore grounding his iudgement vpon these reasons, and his resolutions vpon this his iudgement: he holds it best to smoothe it in silence, and so to brooke his daughters death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray seeing his father so cold in this businesse, beganne to bee all in fise himselfe, vowing that he would maintaine the honour, and reuenge the death of his onely Sister *Mermanda*, and his

wife *Hauteselia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blowes the coales, and sets an edge to this his resolution: when that verie instant vnderstanding his Brother *Grand-Pré* was that euening arriued at *Dijon*, he (consulting with nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, lends him this challenge:

I Should degenerate both from mine honour and blood, if I were not sensible of those wrongs and disgraces you haue offered your Wife and my Sister, they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deserue more pittie, or your ielousie contempt and reuenge; her death and your conscience make mee as iustly challenge you, as you haue vniustly done the Baron of *Be-tanford*: therefore to morrow at five of the clocke after dinner, at the faote of *Talon-fort*, in the meadow ratched with Wallnut trees, bring either a single Rapier, or Rapier and Panyard, and I will meete you without seconds; the equitie of my cause, and the vniustice of yours, make mee confident in this hope, that as you lost your bloud neere *Brie-count Robert*, you shall now leaue your life in sight of *Dijon*; iudge how earnestly I desire to trie the temper of your heart and sword, sith already I not onely count houres, but minutes.

DE MALLERAY.

Grand-Pré, though newly recovered of his late wounds, accepts this challenge, but not without extreme wonder to see *de Malleray* so passionate and resolute, he makes choise of single Rapier, and so they meete, where, without any other ceremony, they

they throw off their doublets, and giue them to their Chirurgions, whom they command to stay without the next hedge, and not to stirre from thence, till the death of the one proclayne the other victor.

The Sunne (that great and glorious lampe of Heauen) swiftly poasts away from our Horison to the *Antipodes*, of purpose not to see, or be accessary to this bloody Tragedy, when our Champions unsheathe their swords, and dispose themselves to fight both with iudgement and resolution, *de Mallery* comes vp fairely, proffers the first thrust, and giues *Grand-Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receiues another from him in the necke, which he aymed fully at the brest, but that hee bore it vp with his Rapier. *Grand-Pre* at first giues back; but seeing *de Mallery* insult and presse on him; hee resolutely aduanceth, and runnes him thorow the side: but the wound was so fauourable, as though it caused much blood, yet it brought no danger. They make a stand and take breath: and so they very resolutely to it againe: *de Mallery* hauing hitherto the worst, doth now resolue to manage his businesse with lesse violence, and more iudgement: when *Grand-Pre* driuing home to him, hee wards brauely, and taking time at aduantage, thrusts him in the left shoulder with a wide and deepe wound, but himselfe is hurt in the left arme with a wound, which ranne from his wrest to his elbowe.

By this time their shirts are deeply besprinkled and gored with their blood: but this will not appease their courages, they will trie againe; for they
neuer

neuer thinke enough, as long as they can stand : and this encounter proues as fortunate for *Grand-Pre*, as fatall for *de Malleray* : for hee receiues a deepe wound vnder his left pappe, which carries his life and soule from this world to another, so as without speaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand-Pre seeing *de Malleray* dead, giues thanks to God for his victory, and so mounts on horseback, and with his Chirurgion poasts towards *Dole*, a Parliament Citie of the free County, belonging now to the Arch-duke *Albertus*, leauing *de Malleray's* Chirurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Master, or at least to conuey his dead body to *Dijon*, for President *Cressonuille* his Father, to performe that office;

Who is no sooner aduertised of his sonnes death, but with teares, he giues the Parliament to vnderstand thereof, and craues iustice for the murther. The Parliament decree a power to apprehend *Grand-Pre*, but he is not desirous to lose his head on a scaffold, for by this time hee hath recovered *Dole*; where hauing staid some three moneths, his Parents and friends (by the fauour of that generous and true Noble Gallant, *Monsieur le Grand*, his Maiesties Lieutenant of that Prouince of *Burgundie*) procured and sent him his pardon.

But in this meane time come wee to his Sister *Hauteselia*, (the disgrace of her sexe, and the fire-brand of hell) who no sooner vnderstood the death of her husband, and the flight of her brother, shee hauing hardly the patience to see him layd in his graue: and resolving rather to breake her neck with

with malice, then her heart with sorrow, being sure of her Dowrie, packs vp her Jewels, Plate and chiefest baggage, and so leaues *Dijan*, and goes home to her father neere *Auxone*: where during the age of her father and mother, and the absence of her brother, shee most imperiously swayes and commands all.

But this her authoritie lasteth not long: for now home comes *Grand-Pre* from *Dole*, at whose returne, she findes matters altered, and her greatnesse and power diminished, and to her griefe, sees that she cannot so absolutely domineere as before: and which was farre worse, her brother in his absence at *Dole*, hauing smelt and vnderstood her malice and inueterate hatred both to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Betanford, de Malleray* her husband, and likewise to himselfe (though nothing suspecting or dreaming of her poysoning humor) hee is so farre from acknowledging, or respecting her for his Sister, as hee will neither indure her company or sight: which she making no shew to perceiue, but like a furie of hell, as she is, dissembling her malice and reuenge, she is still constant, and perseuers in her humor of bloud and murther, and hath againe recourse to her execrable Apothecary *la Fresnay*, and to the diuell her Doctor likewise, to make away her Brother *Grand-Pre*, with poyson, as hee had already *Mermanda* his wife, and giues him three hundred crownes to effect it. This damnable Apothecary, louing money well, and (as it seemes) the diuell better, doth ingage himselfe speedily to performe it, and wretched villayne as

hee is, within two moneths he accomplisheth and finisheth it; and so as *Mermanda* ranne equall fortune with him in life; he doth the like with her in death: for one deadly drugge, one bloody Sister, and one diuellish Apothecary giues a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood-thirstie Sister *Hauteselia*, (the author of these cruell murders and tragedies) thinking her selfe freed of all her enemie, and of all those, who stood in the way of her aduancement and preferment, shee (neither thinking either of her conscience or soule, of heauen or hell) domineeres farre more then before: yea builds castles in the ayre, and flatters her selfe with this false ambition, that shee must now bee a Dutchesse, or at least a Countesse: But shee reckons without God.

Wee haue seene, nay we haue here glutted our eyes with seuerall murders, whereof wee haue beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hauteselia*, to be the horrible and cruell author, and this execrable *la Fresnay* to be the bloody actor: these crimes of theirs, and the smoake of these their impious and displeasing sacrifices; haue pierced the clouds, and ascended the presence of God, to sue and draw downe vengeance and confusion on their heads: for although murder be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detest and discover it; for hee will make inquisition for blood, and will severely and sharply reuenge the death of his children.

But Gods providence, and iustice in the discovery thereof,

thereof, is as different as miraculous: for sometimes hee protracts and defers it of purpose, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as seemes best to his inscrutable will, and diuine pleasure: or as may chiefly serue and tend to his glorie, yea sometimes he makes the murtherer himselfe as well an instrument to discouer, as he hath beene an actor to commit murther: yea and many times hee punisheth one sinne by and in another, and when the murtherer sits most secure, and thinkes least of it, then hee heapes coales of fire on his head, and sodainely cuts him off with the reuenging sword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that Great and Soueraigne Iudge of the World, who rides on the windes in triumph, and hath heauen for his Throne, and earth for his foote-stoole, will no longer permit *Hauteselia* and *la Fresnay* to goe unpunished for these their execrable murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermenda* and her husband *Grand-Pre*, out of their graues cry to him for reuenge, which, like an impetuous storme, or a terrible thunder-clappe, doth in this manner sodainely befall and ouertake them:

Some fixe weekes after *Grand-Pre's* funeralls were solemnized, whereat his Sister *Hauteselia* (the better to cloake her villany) wept bitterly, and was obserued to bee the chiefest mourner: this hellish Apothecary *la Fresnay*, having gotten his money so easily, thought to spend it as prodigally: and so on a time, being in his cuppes at a *Tauerne* in *Dijon*; and his braynes swelling and swimming

with strong wine, (as drunkenesse is the bawd and vther to other sinnes) he stealing from the rest of his company, committed a rape vpon one *Margaret Piuot*, a girle of twelue yeeres old, being the Vintners daughter of the Tauerne wherein he late tippling.

This young girle, with millions of teares throwes her selfe to the feete of her Parents, and accuseth *la Fresnay* for the fact, who doe the like to those famous Senators of the Court of Parliament: so hee is apprehended; and being examined with many vehement and bitter asseuerations, denieth it: hee is adiudged to the Racke, and at the second torment confesseth it, & so he is condemned to be hanged.

Two *Capuchin* Friers prepare him for his end: they exhort him, not to charge and burthen his soule with concealing any other crymes, adding, that if hee reueale and repent them in earth, God will remit them in heauen: these exhortations of theirs produce good effects, for though hee haue formerly liued like a diuell, hee will now dye like a Christian: and so with many teares reuealeth, that at the instigation of *Hauteselia*, and for the lucre of fife hundred crownes (which at two feuerall times he gaue him) hee had poysoned *Mermanda* and her husband *Grand-Pre*.

All the World is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their first sentence, and so for his triple villanyes condemne *la Fresnay* to be broken aliue vpon the Wheele, and there to languish and dye without being strangled; which

in *Dijon* is accordingly executed to the full satisfaction of Iustice.

A Prouost likewise is forthwith dispatched from *Dijon* to *Grandmonts* house, to apprehend his daughter *Hauteselia*, and would haue it that shee was ignorant of *la Fresnay's* apprehension, & more, of his death. The Prouost findes her dancing in her fathers garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies: he sets hands on her, and so exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her songs into teares: shee is brought to *Dijon*, and examined by a President, and two Counsellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both murthers; saith, *la Fresnay* is her mortall and professed enemy, and therefore not to bee beleueed. But the diuell, who hath so long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather, now cannot saue her with this poore euasion: shee is adiudged to the Racke, and at the first torment confesseth it.

The Criminall Iudges of this Great and illustrious Parliament, in detestation of these her execrable and bloody crymes of murther, pronounce sentence on her: so, after she had repented her sins, & prepared her selfe to dye, her pappes are seared, and torne off with red-hot pincers, then shee is hanged, her bodie burnt, and her ashes throwne into the ayre.

Now to gather some profit by reading this History: or indeed rather by the memory of the History it selfe, let vs obserue, nay let vs imprint in our hearts and soules, how busie the diuell was by ambition, couetousnesse, malice and reuenge,

to seduce and perswade *Hautesfela* and *La Fresnay*
 to commit these murthers; and also how iust God
 was in the detection and punishment thereof, that
 the feare of the one may terrifie vs from imbracing
 and attempting the other, to the end, that as they
 liued in sinne, and died in shame; so we may
 liue in righteousnes, and dye in peace;
 thereby to liue in eternall
 felicity and glo-
 rie.

THE
 history of the life and death of
 the late King of France, Charles
 the ninth, who was reigned
 thirty and six years, and
 was a most valiant prince,
 and a most Christian king.



THE
TRIVMPHS OF
GODS REVENGE A-
GAINST THE CRYING
 and execrable sinne of
Murther.

Historie II.

Pisani betrayeth Gasparino of his Mistresse Christeneta. Gasparino challengeth Pisani for this disgrace, and kils him in the field: hee after continueth his sute to Christeneta: shee dissembles her malice for Pisani his death: shee appoints Gasparino to meete her in a Garden, and there causeth Bianco and Brindoli to murther him: they are all three taken and executed for the same.



Here Affection hath Reason for guide,
 & Vertue for object, it is approued of
 Earth, and applauded of Heaven: but
 where it exceeds the bounds of Cha-
 rity, and the lists of Religion, Men
 pitie it, Angels lament it, and God himselfe con-
 temnes it: for if wee are crossed in our loue, why
 should discontent make vs desperate? or to what
 end

end should wee flie Reason, to follow Rage, except wee desire to ride poast to hell, and to end our dayes on a shamefull and infamous scaffold heere on earth? It is an excellent felicity, to grow from Vertue to Vertue, and a fatall misery to runne from Vice to Vice: Loue and Charity are alwayes the true markes of a Christian, and Malice and Reuenge, those of an Infidell, or rather of a diuell: but to imbrue our hands in innocent blood, and to seeke the death of others, is to deprive our selues of our owne life, as the sequell of this History will declare, which I relate with pittie and compassion, sith I see the Stage, whereon these Tragedies are acted and represented, not onely sprinkled, but gored with great varietie and effusion of blood.

In *Pauiæ* (the second City of the Dutchy of *Millan*,) the verie last yeere that *Coun. Fuenles* (vnder the King of *Spaine*.) was Viceroy of that State, *Signiour Thomaso Vituri*, a Noble Gentleman of that City, had one onely child, a daughter of the age of fiftene yeeres, named *Dona Christeneta*, who was exceeding sayre and beautifull, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, requisit in a Gentlewoman of her ranke: shee was sought in marriage by many Gallants of the City: but a Cauallier of *Cremona* must beare her away, or at least her affection: The History is thus:

Signiour Emanuel Gasparino, a Noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Vituri* his wealth, and of his daughter *Christeneta's* Beautie and Vertues,

Vertues (the Adamants and Load-stones to draw mens affections) resolueth with himselfe to seeke her for his wife: hee acquaints none herewith, but an intimate deare friend of his, a young Gentleman of the same Citie, named *Signiour Ludowicus Pisani*, by descent a *Venetian*, whom hee prayes to assist and accompany him to *Pauia*, in seeking and courting the faire *Christeneta* his Mistresse. *Pisani* tearmes himselfe much honoured and obliged to *Gasparino*, and very willingly grants his request; and so they prepare for their iourney.

They come to *Pauia*: *Vituri* bids *Gasparino* welcome, and entertaines him respectfully and courteously; as also *Pisani*, hee thanks *Gasparino* for the honour he doth him in seeking his daughter, and like a carefull father takes time to consult hereon: but for *Christeneta*, shee lookes not so pleasing nor pleasantly on him as he expecteth: hee is deeply in loue both with her beautie and other perfections, but hee findes her cold in her discourse and answeres, and verie melancholy and pensive: hee courts her often, (and after the *Italian* fashion, with variety of musike, ditties, and ayres:) but still hee findes her auerse, and contrary to his desires, as if her thoughts were otherwayes fixed. *Gasparino* knowes not how to winne her affection, nor how to beare himselfe herein: hee consults with *Pisani*, and prayes him to conferre with *Christeneta*, and to sound her affection: But it proues often dangerous; still indiscretion, to trust a friend in this case.

Pisani promileth to performe the office of a friend, and to conferre effectually with *Christeneta*:

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hee seekes opportunitie and place, and findes both : he sets out to her *Gasparino's* merits, and paints forth his prayes, and in a word leaues nothing vtouched, which he thinks may any way aduance his friends content and affection : but hee findes *Christeneta's* minde perplexed and troubled; for she often changeth colours, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red againe: yet he obserues that her eyes are still stedfastly fixed on him: hee prayes her that she will returne a pleasing answer for him to carry to his friend, and her Louer *Gasparino*.

Christeneta would willingly speake, but cannot, for her heart and paps beate and pant, and her sighes verie confusedly interrupt her words : but at last, dying her lilly cheekes with a vermillion blush, shee tells him that shee is not ignorant of *Gasparino's* merits, who deserues farre her better, but that she cannot consent to loue him; in respect she hath fixed, but not ingaged her affection on another. *Pisani* still extolleth his friend *Gasparino* to the skie, and for all honourable parts preferres him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy* : and withall with much industrie and insinuation, endeouours to request and draw *Christeneta* to name him her seruant; which she once thought to haue done, had not *Modestie* (the sweetest and most precious ornament of a virgin) for that time withheld her, when after two or three deepes sighes (the outward Heralds of her inward passions) she told him thus :

Pisani, it is a deare and neere friend of yours, who is the first that I haue, and the last that I will affect;

affect; but I will not at present name him: onely if you please to meet mee secretly to morrow, at eight of the clocke in the morne, in the Nunnes garden at Saint *Claire*, I will there informe you who it is: but in the meane time, and euer, forbear to sollicit me any more for *Gasparino*, sith he shall not be my seruant, nor I will not be his Mistresse: and so for that time they part, and he confidently promisseth to meet her.

Gasparino demands *Pisani*, how hee findes his Mistresse *Christeneta*? He answeres faithfully according as she told him; but conceales their appointed meeting in the Nunnes garden: and now because he seeth it labour lost, to research *Christeneta*, he will not bee obstinate in his suite, but will giue a law to his passions and affections, rather then they shall prescribe any to him, and so resolues to take leaue of her, because aswell by her selfe, as by her father and mother, and now chiefly by *Pisani*, hee sees she is otherwayes bent and affected: to which end he leaues *Paui*, and returnes to *Cremona*: leaue we therefore *Gasparino* to his thoughts, and come wee to those of *Pisani* and *Christeneta*, to see what their garden conference will bring forth.

Pisani cannot imagine what friend of his it should be that *Christeneta* loueth, but she knowes enough for them both: and it may bee, too much for her selfe: she knowes it at least an immodest, if not a bold part for her to court *Pisani*, who ought rather to court her: but she thinkes it both wisdom and dutie to giue way to that which shee cannot auoyde and preuent, and so preferres the zeale of

her affection, before the respect of her modestie: but that which makes her so resolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt, is, to see that *Gasparino* hath found *Pisani* to sollicit for him to her; and she can finde none but her selfe to sollicit for her selfe to *Pisani*: therefore bold in this her resolution, shee beares so deepe and so deare an affection to *Pisani*, that she thinks every moment an houre, and euery houre an age, before shee see *Pisani*, that one person of the World, whom shee loues more deare then all the World. Thus wishing night day, her house the Nunnery, and her chamber the garden: she with much impatient patience, awayts the houre of eight: which, she knowes will bring her, her ioy or her torment, her felicity, or her misery, her life, or her death.

The clocke strikes eight: *Christeneta* takes her prayer-booke and her wayting-maide, and so trips away to the Nunnery: but she doth now dispense with her deuotion, to giue content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in seeing and inioying the desired company of *Pisani*, whom shee esteemes the life of her content, and the content of her life, and so forsakes the Church, to goe to the garden: *Pisani*, who neuer fayled of his houre and promise to men, doth now disdaine to misse thereof to a Lady: for *Christeneta* hath scarce made three paces in the walkes of the garden, but ere the fourth be finished, she sees *Pisani* enter: she blusheth at his sight; and he growes pale at her blushes: he findes her in a bower of Cynamours, Cypresses and Vines, decked within with Roses, Lillies and Gilly-flowers: hee giues

giues her the good morrow and the salute: the which, with a modest and sweete courtesie, shee receiues and returnes: he tells her he is come to performe his promise, and if it please her, to receiue hers: she would faine answer him, but her cheekes giue blushes, where her tongue should words: but at last, darting a sweete looke on him (which was the Ambassadour and Herald of her heart) shee discouereth her selfe to him thus:

The person (*Pisani*) on whom I haue fixed and settled my affection, doth exceedingly resemble you, is of your owne blood, and of your neere and dearest acquaintance. *Pisani* presseth her to know his name: when after many glances, sighes, and blushes, shee tells him, his name is *Pisani*, and himselfe the man, prayes him to pardon her boldnesse, and to giue an honourable interpretation and construction to her affection; adding withall, that when she first saw him, shee loued him: and now prayes him to be pleased, that *Christeneta* may be a solicitor for her selfe to *Pisani*, and not *Pisani* to *Christeneta* for *Gasparino*; yea she confirms her words with many sighes, and againe her sighes with many teares, which trickle downe her beautifull cheekes, like pearled drops of dew, vpon blushing damaske Roses.

Pisani wonders at this vnexpected newes, and knowes not how to beare himselfe in a businesse of this nature: hee sees that her beautie deserues loue, and her descent and vertues respect: but withall he is not so dishonourable to betray his friend: hee wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant

that she deserues a farre more Noble husband then himselfe, but seeing her languish for an answer, he returnes her thus: *Although I acknowledge my selfe infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you please to honour mee, yet as honour is to bee preferred before affection, so Christeneta must excuse Pisani, sith hee cannot bee a seruant to her, but hee must bee a Traytor to Gasparino; and that respect excepted in requitall of your fauour, I will esteeme my selfe happy, if I may lose my life for your seruice.*

Yet he is not so vnkinde, but giues her a kisse or two at farewell, which as much delights *Christeneta*, as his refusall doth afflicte her: so they part: The rest, time must bring forth.

Now although *Gasparino* haue left *Pauiā*: yet he cannot forsake his affection to *Christeneta*, but cheriseth her memory, and in heart adoreth her *Idæa*; yea hee loues her deeply and dearly: and indeed her perfections and beautie deserue loue, but such is *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani*, as shee can take no truce of her thoughts: but despight of discretion and modestie (which perswade and counsell her to the contrary) she within tenne daies after, purposely sends a confident messenger to him, to *Cremona* with this letter:

FInde it not strange, that I second my last speech, with this my first Letter; and thinke, that, were not my affection intire and constant, I should not thus attempt to reueale it you in lines, which blush not, as my cheekes doe, when I write them. I should offer too palpable violence & iniurie to the truth, if I tell you not, that it is impossible,
for

for Christeneta to loue any but Pisani, whom I no sooner sawe, but deeply admired and dearly affected. Now sith my zeale to you is begunne in Vertue, and shall be continued in Honour: it makes me flatter my selfe with hope, that you will not enforce me to despayre: for if I am not so happie to bee yours, I must be so unfortunate neuer to be mine owne. Iudge what your absence is to mee, sith your presence is my chiefest felicitie: which makes me both desire, and wish that either you were in Pauiā, or I in Cremona. I can prefixe and giue bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her who loues you dearly, otherwise, whatsoeuer you thinke, I know, your unkindnesse to me, will be meere Cruelty.

CHRISTENETA.

Pisani receiueth this Letter: hee wonders at her affection, and now consults betwixt Christeneta's loue to him, and his respect to Gasparino: hee at first holds it inciuility, not to answer her letter, and yet is very vnwilling in doing her right, to wrong his friend: but at last perusing her Letter, againe he findes it so kinde, as he deemes it not only ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to returne her an answer: and therfore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus:

You discouer me as much affection, as I should treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it. And were it not for that consideration, which must tend as well to mine owne honour as to your content, I would not sticke to say, that Pisani loues Christeneta, because shee deserves to be beloued; only giue me leaue to informe you,
that

that as you are too sayre to be refused, so I am too honest, to betray my friend, especially such a one who is as confident of my fidelity, as I assured of his. Could time reconcile these difficulties with my reputation; my heart would instantly command my Penne to signifie you, that I desire to giue you hope, and to take away your despayre; and withall, that Pavia is more pleasing to mee then Cremona, sith Christeneta liues in it, and Pisani in her. I was neuer heretofore cruel to any, neither doe I resolue to be unkinde to you: for how can I, sith I as truly vowe to honour you, as you professe to loue me? Liue you in this assurance, and I will dye in the same.

PISANI.

Time with a swift foote vanisheth and passeth away; but *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani* cannot: she in his Letter perceiues a glimmering light of hope breake forth thorow the obscure clouds of her despayre: but feare doth as soone eclipse and strangle, as propagate and produce it; only, despite all apprehension and opposition, her thoughts doe still gaze and looke on *Pisani*, as the Needle of the Compass doth to the North; so as shee can rest in no true tranquillitie of minde, before shee writes to him againe: the which some fiftene dayes after she doth to this effect:

I May passe the bounds of discretion, but will not exceed those of Honour: I haue euer learn'd to retayne this Maxime, that affection which receiues end, had neuer beginning. If then I liue, I must breathe the ayre of your loue, as well as this of my life, sith it is the prime and sole cause

cause thereof, as the Sunne is of the light. Your letter I finde so full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore to hope, or why not to despaire: could you diue as deeply into my heart, as I haue into your merits, if nature doe not, pittie would informe you, that you ought to preferre the loue of a Ladie, before the respect of a Gentleman, especially sith he may carrie his heart from you, and I desire to bring and present mine to you: and how can your absence, either reioyce or comfort me, sith your presence will not? I thinke what you please, either of me, or of your selfe: onely giue mee leaue to tell you, that I finde doubt a step and degree to despayre, as despaire is to death; I write rather with teares then inke. If you will not liue my Saint, I must dye your martyr:

CHRISTENETA.

At the receipt of this second Letter (which was so sweetly pleasing, and pleasingly sweete to his thoughts) he found the Bulwarkes and defences of his respect to *Gasparino* razed and beaten downe, and a fayre breach made and layd open for *Christeneta*, to enter and take possession of the castle of his heart: so now at one instant, he performes two seuerall attempts: for the farther he flies from his friend *Gasparino*, the neerer he approacheth to his mistrisse *Christeneta*, and therefore now wholly im-paradizing his thoughts in the garden of her pure beautie, and taking the chiefest light of his content and felicity, from the relucient lustre of her eyes, hee thinkes it high tyme, no longer to beare out his Flagge of defiance, but to strike sayle, and doe homage to the soueraigne of his
I thoughts,

thoughts, the which hee doth in this Letter: that he purposely sends her in answere of hers by his Page.

Your vertues and beantie is enough powerfull to preuaile with me: but your affection which addes grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my respect to Gasparino, to remember my loue to Christeneta: but that which gives life to this my resolution, is, that it is impossible for him to hate mee as much as you loue mee: and in this hope I both reioyce and triumph, that you shall not bee my Martyr, but my Mistresse, and I will bee both your Saint and your Seruant: for as you desire to liue in my fauour, so my chiefest ambition and zeale is to dye in your affection: that which heauen makes mee affirme, earth shall not enforce mee denie. I will shortly follow, and second this my letter, till when you can neuer so much lament my absence, as I desire your presence. Let this bee your true consolation, sith it is my sole delight and chiefest felicity.

PISANI.

If *Pisani* his first letter ouerthrew *Christeneta's* despaire, this his second reuiues and confirmes her hopes; so that whereas heretofore she condemned her presumptiō in writing *Pisani*, she now not only applauds her resolution therein, but also blesteth the house that she attempted it, yea shee buildeth such castles of delight & content in her heart, & her heart in her soule, to thinke that she should be his wife, and hee her husband, that shee anticipateth the houres, and blames the dayes for not presenting her

her with the sight and presence of her sweet *Pisani*, whom, above all earthly contents, she chiefly desireth.

Now if *Christeneta* were thus perplexed with the absence of her *Pisani*, no lesse is he with that of his *Christeneta*; for remembring the freshnesse of her youth, and the sweetnesse of her beautie, hee in conceit hateth *Cremona*, which before he loved, and now loueth *Paui*, which before hee hated: it is as great a griefe to him, to bee with his other affaires without her, as it would reioyce him to be with her without them: yea shee runnes so deeply in his thoughts, and they on her beautie, as (if it were not immodestie) hee either wisbeth himselfe impaled in her armes, or she incloystered in his: and now to performe as much, as his letter hath promised, hee, without thinking or respecting of his old friend *Gasparino*, prepares all things ready to goe see his new Mistresse *Christeneta*.

Hee comes to *Paui*, accompanied with three or foure of his neerest and dearest friends, visiteth *Christeneta*, whom he saluteth and courteth with all kinde of honourable and amorous complements: she is ioyfull, yea, raiued with his arriual: he doth assure her of his perpetuall affection, and reciprocally himselfe of hers: yea, she so infinitely delights in his presence, and he so extremely in hers, that she now freely giues her selfe to *Pisani*: and hee in exchange, as absolutely takes himselfe from *Gasparino*, to giue himselfe to *Christeneta*: so as she reioycing in her purchase, and he triumphing

in his victory, they attend the time wherein heaven and earth hath ordained of two bodies to make them one :

But it is not enough for *Pisani* to be possessed of *Christeneta's* favour, for he must likewise obtaine that of her Parents, before either hee can inioy his wishes, or see her desires, and so hee goes honourably and secretly to worke with them, but hee findes them not so tractable as *Christeneta* hoped or himselfe desired : for old *Vituri* her father preferring wealth before honour, and riches before vertues, dislikes this motion, allcadging that *Pisani* his father died exceedingly in debt, that his chiefeft lands were ingaged, and morgaged; that hee had many great legacies to pay to his Sisters, but which was worst of all, that *Pisani* himselfe loued the Court better then the Country, and that in his expences and apparell, hee was extremely prodigall, and frugall in neither: which considerations so swayed the iudgement and opinion of *Vituri*, that knowing hee might euery day prouide and procure a better match for his daughter, hee giues *Pisani* to vnderstand, that as yet hee hath no intent to marry his daughter, allcadging her few yeeres, and the like triuiall reasons and excuses, whereby *Pisani* might plainly perceiue, that he had no intent to giue him his daughter.

This refusall of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieue *Pisani*, and afflict *Christeneta*, so as they see their hopes nipt in their blossoms, and their desires not in the way to reape such effects as they expected.

Pisani

Pisani distrusting his owne power, sets his Parents and chiefeſt friends to draw *Vituri* to hearken vnto reason: but his age cannot bee deceiued, in that which his iudgement, and not his passion; suggesteth him: they haue diuers conferences, but every day, instead of bringing hopes, produceth more difficulties and despaire; and now that *Pisani* may see, that his sute and research is displeasing to *Vituri*, he lookes not on him with so courteous an eye as accustomed; and which is worse, *Christeneta* is forbidden his company, and he her fathers house. This goes to the hearts of our two louers, but they brooke it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will giue end to these their discontents and afflictions. In the meane whiles, as fire suppressed, doth often flame soorth with more violence, so sith they cannot personally visit one the other, they entertaine their affections by their letters, who are so many in number, as I hold it fit rather to suppress then divulge them. Thus whiles *Pisani* comforts himselfe, that there are no Roses without prickles, and that hopes long expected are best welcome, but chiefly relying vpon the affection, and constancy of his Mistresse: hee will not staine his valour with this poynt of cowardize, to bee put off with the first repulse of *Vituri*, but resolueth to continue as constant in his affection, as hee doth in his refusal; and so after hee had stayed a moneth or two in *Cremona*, hee bethinkes himselfe of an inuention, whereby it is not impossible for him to obtaine his Mistresse of her father.

Pisani being enriched with the treasure of *Christeneta's* fauour and affection, writes her, that if shee can obtaine her mothers consent, shee peraduenture may easily procure that of her husband: who harkning, and relishing this aducie with much zeale, puts it asoote; and as in fewe dayes shee gained her mother, so a month was not fully past, before shee had likewise drawne her husband, to approue and consent to this match: So now our Louers are againe reuiued and comforted: for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties remoued, and the parents of both sides fully satisfied, all things now seeme in so fayre a forwardnesse and preparation, as if our two louers were shortly to inioy each other in marriage, or to inioy the fruits of marriage, which so earnestly and infinitely both affected and desired.

To which end, that their nuptials might bee solemnized with the greater pompe and glory, they provide themselves of variety of rich and sumptuous apparrell, the day is appointed, and all the Nobility of *Paia* and *Cremona* (as well their kinsfolks as others) are inuited to the wedding? But their parents shall come short of their designes, and these our two louers of their hopes: for this marriage being not begun in heauen, shall neuer be finished nor consummated in earth.

Wee haue heere so much spoken of *Pisani*, that it seemes wee haue quite forgotten *Gasparino*, as if he had no farther part to act in this historie: but he is not so fortunate: for this proceeding of *Pisani* to *Christeneta* is not so secretly managed; but he hath

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newes thereof, who knowing there can be no greater treason, after that of a subiect to his Soueraigne, then for a friend to betray his friend, he grieues and is extremely incensed at *Pisani*, to see he hath betrayed him of his Mistris: the which he takes so bitterly and passionately, that he vowes hee will make him repent it. Ielousie and reuenge are alwaies badde Councillors, and therefore can neuer prooue good Iudges: But such is his loue to *Christeneta*, and so deeply is her beautie imprinted and ingrauen in his heart, as shutting his iudgement to Charity, and opening it to reuenge, he is resoluéd at what price soeuer, to call *Pisani* to a strict account, for this affront and disgrace, and is resoluéd, rather to dye then liue, to see himselfe thus abused by one, whom God and nature hath made his inferiour. Were we as apt to doe good as euill, we should be Angels, not men, but resembling our selues, (or rather hearkning too much to the Prince of darkenesse) we flie reason, to follow rage, and many times procure our owne destruction, in seeking that of others.

Gasparino, hauing thus his eyes and sences o'reclouded, and vayld with the mist of reuenge, is transported with such bloodie passions and resolutions, as he is sometimes resoluéd to pistoll *Pisani* either in the streete, or in his bed, and other times to hire two or three Russians to murder him the next time he rides into the country: but at last casting his eyes from hel to heauē, and from Satan to God, he trampleth those execrable resolutions vnder his feete, and banisheth them from his heart and thoughts,

thoughts, esteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the world, if he should commit them; and so for that time enters in a resolution with himselfe, no more to thinke on *Christeneta*, and lesse to be reuenged of *Pisani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gasparino* continued in this peaceable and Christian-like mind, he had not exposed himselfe to so many dangers and misfortunes, nor giuen himselfe as a prey to feede the malice and reuenge of his bloodie enemies: but now vnderstanding, that all *Cremona & Pavia* prattled and laughed at his disgrace, in seeing him thus baffled and abused by *Pisani*, he thinks that not onely himselfe, but his honour is disparaged, and wronged heerein, and that he shall be extremely condemned of cowardize, if in a duell hee call not *Pisani* to right him, and giue him satisfaction: yea the only consideration of this point of honour (which many times is bought and sold at so deare a price, as the perill and losse both of bodie and soule) did so violently perswade and preuaile with him, that as reuenge admits of no opposition, nor harkens to any aduice, so enquiring for *Pisani*, and vnderstanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more encouraged, and inflamed heereat, taking with him a resolute and confident Gentleman, and one onely Lackey, sets spurs to his horse, and so hies thither, resolving with himselfe to gaine his honour in the same Cittie, where he had receiued his disgrace.

Being arr iued at *Pavia*, he is assured that *Pisani* is in the Cittie, and inquiring more curiously after him,

him, hee vnderstands, that that verie instant hee is with his Mistris *Christeneta*, which so galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as he was once resolved that verie instant to send him a challenge, and the sooner, because *Christeneta* might be an eye-witnesse of the deliuerie thereof: but to speake truth, Passion could not finde a better opportunitie nor iudgement, a worse for him to draw his malicious contemplation, into bloodie and impious action: and therefore respecting *Christeneta*, although shee had refused to respect him, and fearing if she had the least notice, or inkling thereof: shee loued her *Pisani* so dearly, as shee would hinder and prevent him from running into so imminent a danger: he all that day bush d himselfe vp priuately in his Inne, referring the sending thereof till the morning, when deliuering it to his Cousin *Sebastiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cyrenonia*) he prayes him instantly to finde out *Pisani*, and to deliuer it him as secretly and as sayrely as he could.

Sebastiano being no nouice in these occasions and accidents, repayres to *Pisani* his lodging, and findes him as he was issuing forth his chamber, whom hee salutes, and deliuers *Gasparino's* challenge fast sealed. *Pisani* with a constant carriage, and firme countenance, receiues it and breaking off the Seales, steps aside and reades these lines:

You haue giuen the first breach to our friendship: for sith you haue trecherously bereaued me of my Mistris, you must now both in honour and iustice either take my life,

life, or yield me yours in requital: If you consider your
owne ingratitude, you cannot tax, much lesse, condemne
this my resolution, the place, the west end of the Parke;
the houre, foure or five after dinner; the manner, on
foote, with seconds; the weapon, if you please, two single
Rapier, whereof bring you one, and I the other, and I
will be content to take the refusall, to give you the choyce.
If your courage answer your infidelity, you will not re-
fuse to meate me.

Pisani, having received and perused this challenge (like an Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life :) verie cheerfully, without any motion or shew of alteration either in his speeches or countenance, turns to *Sebastiano*, and speakes to him thus: Sir, I pray tell *Gasparino* from me, that my selfe and second will with single Rapiers meet him and his, at the houre and place appointed.

Sebastiano returns: and *Pisani* having accepted the challenge, beares it so secretly, as *Christeneta* (the other halfe of his heart) understands not hereof: he findes out his deare and intimate friend, *Sfondrato*, a valiant young Gentleman (issued of a very noble family of *Milan*;) who accompanied him from *Cremona*: to whom he relates the whole effect of this businesse, shewing him *Gasparrino's* Challenge, and requesting him to honour him so much as to second him in this quarrell. *Sfondrato* verie cheerefully and freely offereth, and ingageth himselfe: and so about noone *Sebastiano* and himselfe, like honourable

table friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers; but beare it so secretly and discreetly, as none whatsoever could once perceiue their intents, or gather their resolutions. The houre approaching, they all take horse, and that day *Pisani*, because hee would bee no way prevented and hindered, doth purposely retaine to visit his Mistresse *Christeneza*. They poast to the Parke as to a wedding, being the place or *Rendez-vous* of their meeting: (so famous for the defeat of the French, and taking prisoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the forces of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth:)

Gasparino and *Sebastiano* are first in the field, but *Pisani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after: so they all tye vp their horses to the hedge, pull off their spurs, and cut away the timber-heeles of their bootes, that they might not trippe, but stand firme in their play: But ere they beginne, the Seconds search the Principalls, and they the Seconds: so they throw off their doublets, and appeare all in their shirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were resolu'd to make death feare them.

By this time *Gasparino* and *Pisani* draw: they make their approaches, and at the first incounter *Pisani* is hurt in the out-side of the left arme, and *Gasparino* in the right flanke: the blood whereof appeared not, but fell into his hose: they againe separate themselves, and now trie their fortunes afresh: here *Pisani* receiues two wounds, the one glancing on his ribbes, the other in the brawne of his right arme, and *Gasparino* one deepe one in his left shoulder, but these slight hurts they onely

esteeme as scarres, not as wounds, and therefore seeing their shirts but sprinkled, not dyed with their bloods, they couragiously come on againe: but this bout proves fauourable to them both: for *Gasparino* wards *Pisani* his thrust from him, and only runnes: *Pisani* thorow the hose, without doing him any other harme: and so they close, which *Pisani* doth purposely to exchange ground, thereby to haue the Sunne in his backe, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their stations, neither can they yet imagine to whose side fortune will incline, they being well-neere as equall in wounds, as courage; and now *Pisani* and *Gasparino* dressing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, beginne againe to make triall, on whom Victory is resolved to smile: but they alter the manner of their fight: for *Gasparino* now fights with iudgement, and not with fury, and *Pisani* with fury, and not with iudgement: whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traueerse their ground: *Pisani* is so violent, as he hath almost put himselfe out of breath, but *Gasparino* is so wary and cautious, as hee contents himselfe to breake his thrusts, and resolues not to make any but to the purpose, and vpon manifest aduantage, the issue answereth his hopes and expectation: for at the very next encounter, as *Pisani* runnes *Gasparino* into the necke, hee runnes *Pisani* thorow the bodie, a litle below the left pappe, and his sword meeting with *Cava Vena* (which leads directly to the heart) makes a perpetuall diuorce betwixt his

his body and his soule, and so hee fallies starke dead to the ground. *Gasparino* knowing him dispatched, sheathes vp his Rapier. But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgion runne to his assistance: but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vaine: for *Pisani* his life had forsaken his body, and his soule was already fled from this World to another.

Whiles *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgion were stretching out the dead body of *Pisani*, and couering it vp with their cloaks, *Sebastiano* runs to *Gasparino*, and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valor to the skie. But *Gasparino* tells him, that these prayses appertaine not to him, but to a higher prouidence, and withall prayes him to bee carefull, and to manage his life both with courage and discretion: and for himselfe, finding his wounds no way desperate nor dangerous, he is resolu'd not to suffer his Chirurgion to binde them vp, till hee see the issue of the Combate betwixt his faithfull friend *Sebastiano* and *Sfondrato*.

By this time *Sfondrato* thinkes it high time to beginne: and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Pisani*, but rather encouraged and resolu'd to sell it dearely on the life of *Sebastiano*; he drawes, & with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. *Sebastiano* meets him half way with a verie fresh and cheerefull countenance; and so they approach one to the other: at their first incounter, *Sebastiano* giues *Sfondrato* a large & wide wound on his right side, but receiues another from him thorow the left arme, a little aboue the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* powred forth more blood:

and to bee briefe, they both giue and take diuers wounds, and performe the parts of valorous Gentlemen.

But in the end, God, who would not giue all the victory to one side, but will make both parties losers, to shew that hee is displeased with these their bloody actions, and vncharitable resolutions, which though Honour seeme to excuse, yet Religion cannot, after they had three seuerall times taken breath, *Sebastiano* aduancing a faire thrust to *Sfondrato's* brest, which only pierced his shirt, and rauelled his skinne: *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournfull interest; for he ranne him thorow at the small of the belly, and so nayled him to the ground, bearing away his life on the poynt of his Rapier.

Thus our foure Combatants, being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gasparino* would haue exchanged a thrust or two with him; the which certainly hee had performed: But *Gasparino* finding that the losse of so much blood made him then weake, and that it was now more then time for him to haue his wounds bound vp, they hauing taken order for the decent transporting of their dead friends, that night to *Pauia*: they, without speaking word one to the other, commit themselues to their Chirurgions, and so their wounds being bound vp, they take them with them, and, to saue themselues from the danger of the law, they take horse, & poast away *Gasparino* to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*, from whence they resolve not to stirre, before their friends haue procured and sent them their pardons.

Leaue

Leaue we them there: and to follow the streame of this History, come wee to *Cremona* and *Pauia*, which rings with the newes of their issues of these lamentable and tragickall combates: *Pisani* and *Sebastiano* are infinitely bewailed of their Parents, and lamented of their friends, yea of their very enemies themselues, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their vntimely and vnfortunate ends.

But all these teares are nothing, in comparifon of those which our faire *Christenesa* sheds for the death of her sweet *Pisani*: for her griefes are so infinitely bitter, as these teares her haire, disfigureth her face, weepes, mournes, howles, and cries so extremely, that sorrow her selfe would grieue to see her sorrow; yea shee forsakes and abandoneth all company, throwes off all her rich and glittering garments, and takes on mournefull and sad apparell: so as all the persuasions of the world, are not capable to giue her the least shaddow of consolation: for as shee affirms, she neither will, nor can bee comforted: onely amidst her teares, if shee admit, or permit any passion to take place in her heart and thoughts; it is choller and reuenge against *Gasparrino*, who had bereaued her of her onely ioy, of her deare and sweet *Pisani*, whom she loued a thousand times more tenderly then her selfe, and of him she vowes to bee reueng'd in the highest degree: Whereby wee may heere in *Christenesa* see the old phrase made good, and verified; That there is no affection nor hatred to that of a woman: for where they loue, they loue dearly, and where they hate, hate deadly: But leaue

we her to her sorrowes, and come we againe to *Gasparino*, who, in short time hauing obtained his pardon, returnes from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where hee is ioyfully receiued of his parents and friends.

He is no sooner arriued, but the remembrance of *Christeneta's* beautie doth flourish and reuiue in his heart; for although shee had loued another, yet he could affect none but her selfe: when letting passe some fixe or eight moneths, and hoping that time (which is subiect to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her teares, and blow away her sighes for the death of *Pisani*; he resolues to renew his old sute to her, to which end he visits her first by friends, next by letters, and then in person. *Christeneta* (like a counterfeited fury) dissembles her loue to *Pisani*, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and takes a pride, to see how discreetly and closely she beares her malice: But our wisdom in sinne, prooues meere folly in the eyes of God, which though shee will not now acknowledge, yet she shall hereafter be enforced to doe it with repentance, and peraduenture when it is too late. So being resolute in her inueterate indignation, her malice doth so outbraue her charity, and her reuenge her religion, as shee cannot finde any rest in her thoughts, or tranquillity in her minde, before shee see the death of *Gasparino* make amends and satisfaction for that of *Pisani*.

Gasparino hauing the eyes of his iudgement hoodwinked, and not foreseeing how dangerous it is to repose and relie on the fauour of an incensed enemy, (as our iudgements are neuer clearest when we approach

proach our ruine) is very importunate with *Christeneta*, that he may meete and conferre priuately with her, which indeed is the onely opportunitie, that in heart she hath so long desired: and now it is that she conspires his ruine, and plots his destruction, wherein (perchance) seeking his death, she may procure her owne.

This Dissembling wretch as shee is, shee seemes to be vanquished with his importunitie; and therefore to shew her selfe courteous and kind to him, shee appoints him to meet her in the Nuns Garden, at sixe of the clocke in the morning. But what courtesie, what kindnesse is this, to haue honey in the tongue, and poyson in the heart? For she presently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty duckers to murther him, See here the implacable and damnable malice of this yong Gentlewoman, who forgetting her soule and her God, becomes the Author of so execrable and lamentable a murther!

Gasparino drowning his senses and vnderstanding, in the contemplation of the content he should receiue, in inioying his Mistresse *Christeneta's* company, thinks the night long ere the day appeare, and although the euening were faire and cleere, yet in the morne, *Aurora* had no sooner leapt from the watrie bed of *Neptune*, but the skies were ouercast, and vayled with obscure clouds, which imprison the Sunne and his golden beames; purposely not to behold so bloodie a Tragedie, as was then to be acted.

Christeneta (who could not sleepe for reuenge) is stirring in the morne betimes, and so is *Bianco* and

Brindoli. They all meet in the Nuns Garden, she walking in the Alleyes, and they hiding themselves out of sight: At last the clocke strikes fixe, and immediately in comes *Gasparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his side, he courts and salutes *Christeneta* with many amorous speeches, and sweet complements: she prepares to receiue him; but in stead of courteous entertainment, giues him a bloody welcome: Her words (or rather her watch-word) are these: *Gasparino* (*quoth she*) *this Garden is the place where I had my first conference with Pisani, and where I purpose to haue my last with you.* At which words, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* rush forth of a Bowre, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet; but he had first the leasure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himselfe, giuing each of them seuerall wounds. *Christeneta* seeing *Gasparino* fell'd to the ground, fearing that hee was not fully dead; and to preuent his crying, she runnes to him, thrusts her handkercher into his mouth, & to shew her selfe more like a Tygre then a woman, and a Deuill then a Christian, she with a small Ponyard, or Stiletto, stabs him many times thorow the body, and spurning him with her feet, vtters this reuengefull and bloody speech: *This I sacrifice to the memory of my deare Pisani.* And so *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murdered body of *Gasparino*, and tying a great stone to it, threw it into the well of the Garden: and the better to conceale this damnable act, they flie by a Posterne doore: and *Christeneta* thinking to couer and shrowd her sinne, vnder the cloake of Piety and deuotion, forsakes the Garden; and so, vnseene of any

any earthly eye; betakes her selfe to the Nunnies Church, where shee falles on her knees; but with so prophane a deuotion, as she did no way repent; but rather triumph at this murder; But this her hypocrisie shall cost her deare.

Wee haue heere seene this horrible and cruell murder committed and acted, and the murderers themselves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes: Yea *Christenens* glorieth in his reuenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their money: So as they now thinke themselves free, and past all danger; but they shall be deceiued in their hopes; For Diuine prouidence hath decreed otherwise: And here we come to the detection, and punishment of this murder; wherein Gods mercy and iustice, his prouidence and his glory, doe most miraculously shine and appeare.

The Nuns being in their Cells at their Oraisons, heare the syinking of swords; and so they aduertise their Abbesse or Gouvernesse thereof, who giues the alarm in the house. They descend to the Garden, to see what this rumor might be: they find the Posterne open, and the Alleyes very much sprinkled and gored with blood; They suspect murder, but neither find nor see any, either lining or dead: they send to acquaint the *Presett* and *Pronost* of the citie herewith, who repaire to the Garden, and (as before) find much blood, but see nobody: They make strict inquiry and search in the ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but finde nothing, onely they forget to search the well; Then, to finde what those fighters were, they thinke of a policie, as wor-

thy of them; as they of their office; they giue a secret charge to all the Chirurgions of the citie to reueale them, if any hauing new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to be cured; whereupon *Rhamisio*, one of the chiefeſt Chirurgions, informes them, that hee, about an houre ſince, had dreſſed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* (two Souldiers of the citie) of nine ſeuerrall wounds, which they had newly received: The *Profeſſor* and *Prinſt* aduertised heereof; cauſe them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had conſulted: They enquire, who wounded them? They anſwere, they had a quarrell betwixt themſelues, and ſo they fought it out: Being demanded againe, where and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Chriſteneta* was ſafe at home, and *Garſparino* cloſe in the well, they inſtantly replied, It was in the Nuns Garden, at *Saint Clayre*, and at fixt of the clocke in the morning: which agreeing with the Nuns relation, gaue end to this buſineſſe; for that time eſpecially. But though they delude and blinde the eyes of men, yet they cannot nor ſhall not thoſe of God; And now, although theſe, murderers: haue thus eſcaped; yet they prepare to forſake and leaue *Pauia*, for feare to bee afterwards diſcovered: But they ſhall bee prevented in their ſubtilties, for the hand of God will ſpeedily arreſt them.

Now we muſt obſerue, that *Caspatino* being found wanting two whole nights from his lodging; and his Lackey gathering no newes of him at *Vituri* his houſe, where he vſually frequented to viſit and court his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*: hee informes the Caſt of the

the house heereof: and hee, like an honest man, doubting the worst, (after the custome of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and Prouost thereof, who, like iudicious and wise Magistrates, examined *Gasparino's* Lackie, when hee last saw his Master, and where. The Lackie answeres; Hee parted from his Chamber yesterday morning, betwixt five and sixe, with his Prayer-booke in his hand, as if hee were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him: and since (he sayeth) hee saw him not. And now, by the Providence of God, the Lackies relation gives a little glimpse and glimmering light to the discovery of this murder: for the Magistrates see, that the houre of *Gasparino's* departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli's* fighting doe agree, as also his booke and the Nunnes Church, beare some shew of coherence and probability.

Wherupon, they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) resolute and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to imprison both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*: who the very next day had thought to haue slipt downe the Riuier to *Ferrara*, and so to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gasparino*: they vow hee is a Gentleman they haue neither knowne nor seene; the Magistrates hold it fit they should bee put to the Racke, which is as speedily performed; but these stout villaines firmly and constantly maintaine their first speech; and although they make sute to bee freed and released, yet the Prefect holds it necessary to continue them in Prison:

and withall, to make a more narrow and exacter search in the Nunnes garden.

Christeneta being at the first aduertised, that *Bianca* and *Brindolt* were dead, is therat astonished and amazed, and so resolues to flie; but being aduertised, they had already suffered torment, and revealed nothing, she againe resolues to stay, which indeed shee doth; but it is the iustice and mercy of God, that keepes this bloody bird within her nest.

The Prefect and Prouost (as being inspired from heauen) continue constant in their resolutions, to make a second search in the garden for murder: which they doe, and verie curiously leaving no place vnsearched, at last it pleased the Lord to put into the Prouosts minde to search the Well, which the day before they had omitted. Hee acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approoues hereof, and so causing it to be searched, they at last in their hookes bring vp some pieces of wrought blacke taffeta: which by the Lackie was affirmed, and knowne to bee the same his Master *Gasparino* wore the last time he saw him; whereat they were more eagerly encouraged to search againe most exactly: which they doe, and at last bring vp the dead body of *Gasparino*, when stripping off his clothes, they finde his body pierced with thirteene severall wounds: at the mournfull sight whereof, the whole assembly, but especially his Lackie, cannot refraine from teares, and yet all glorifie God for finding of his bodie, as also for the discoverie of the murderers, who now they

they confidently beleue, are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But see the farther mercies of God ! for *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, are but the hands which executed this murder, and not the head that plotted it : therefore the Magistrates being sure of them, doe now resolve to hie to prison, and to give them double torment, thereby to discover out of what quiver, the first arrow of this murder came. But behold the mercy, and Iustice of God ! they are eased of this labour, and the name of the capitall malifactor, brought them by a most miraculous, and unheard of accident : for when the Magistrates and whole companie had often visited *Gasparino's* naked body, and seene nothing but wounds, a little boy standing by (of some tenne yeeres of age) espied a linnen cloth in his mouth, which he shewed the companie, which the Prefect causing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambricke Handkercher, and withall, a name in red silke letters in one corner, which was the verie true name of *Christeneta*.

See, see the goodnesse ! O let vs stand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to see what meanes and instruments he ordaineth for the discovery of murders.

The Prefect and Prouost send away speedily to apprehend her: she is taken in the midst of her pleasures and pastimes, yea from the arme of her mother, and the seete of her father, to whom she fled for safetie, but in vaine, for she is instantly committed close prisoner, from whence we shall not see her come forth, till shee come to her condigne punishment, on a shamefull scaffold, for this
her

her horrible offence of murder.

And now the Prefect & Prouost goe themselves to the prison, where *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are; they accuse them peremptorily for the murder of *Gasparino*, whose body they inforce them, though haue taken vp out of the wall: but they againe deny it: they giue them double torment, and coniure them to reueale this their murder; but they are so strong of courage, or rather the deuill is so strong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuse themselves, nor any other.

The Prefect and Prouost, although they saw all circumstances concur, that vndoubtedly, *Christeneta* had a deepe hand in this murder, yet they examine her sayrely, and promise her much fauour, and their best friendship and assistance, if she will reueale it: but she, as her two confederates, denie all: they adiudge her to the Racke, whereunto she very patiently permits her selfe to bee fastened; but her dainty bodie and delicate limbs cannot indure the cruelty of this torment: and so shee confesseth all, that in reuenge of *Pisani's* death, shee had caused *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murder him in the Nuns garden, as we haue formerly vnderstood.

And now comes Gods sentence from heauen, pronounced against these murderers, by the mouth of his Magistrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of murder, committed on *Gasparino*, adiudge *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to haue their right hands cut off, then to be hanged, and their bodies throwne into the river of *Po*: And *Christeneta* (not withstanding all the sollicitation, which

which her father and friends made for her,) to be first hanged, then burned, and her ashes throwne into the ayre: which to the full satisfaction of iudice, before an infinite number of spectators (who assisted at their mournfull ends,) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refrain from teares, but as much approued, and applauded *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani*, as they detested and abhorred her inhumane and bloodie reuenge to *Gaspasino*.

Bianco and *Brindoli* as they liued righteously, so they dyed desperately, and could not be drawne to repent themselues of this their bloody fact; But as I haue vnderstood, *Christeneta* was extremely sorrowfull for her sinnes, but especially for this murther, whereof at her last breath she infinitely and exceedingly repented her selfe: yea I haue beene informed, that she deliuered a godly and religious speech on the ladder, but I was not so fortunate to recover it.

May all true Christians read this History with profit, and profit in reading it, that so God may receiue the glory and their soules the eternall comfort and consolation. Amen.

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THE



THE
TRIVMPHS OF
GODS REVENGE A-
GAINST THE CRYING
 and execrable sinne of

Murther.

Historie III.

*Mortaigne, under promise of marriage, gets Ioffelina
 with child, and after, conuerting his loue into hatred,
 causeth his Lackey la Verdure, and la Palma, to
 murder both her and her young sonne: the Ioffelousie
 of Isabella to her husband la Palma, is the cause of
 the discouerie hereof: they are all three taken and ex-
 ecuted for the same.*



Tis a iust reward for the vanity of our
 thoughts, and a true recompence for
 the errours of our youth, that we buy
 pleasure with repentance, and the
 sweetenesse of sinne, with the bitternes
 of affliction: but if we violate the Lawes of Christi-
 anity, and abandon our selues to lust & fornication,
 then we shall see with shame, that men will not pit-
 tie

ric vs. and fide with grife, that God will puniſh vs. It is an excellent vertue in maydens, not to liſten to the lewd temptations of men; and in men, not to harken to the ſuggered charmes of the deuill: for commonly, that follie giues the one ſhame, and this madneſſe brings the other deſtruction: but if we firſt forget our ſelues, and then our God, by adding and heaping ſinne vpon ſinne, as firſt, to per-
petrate fornication, and after, murther, then aſſuredly our ſtate is ſo miſerably wretched; and ſo wretchedly miſerable, as we haue no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worſe. And becauſe example is both pleaſing to our memory, and profitable to our iudgement, this mournfull caſting Hiſtory ſhall make good, and confirme it to vs: therefore let vs ſhut the doore of our thoughts againſt the power of ſinne, and that of our hearts againſt the malice of hell: and wee ſhall not onely make our fortunes immouable in this World, but our felicity eternall in that to come.

In the South-eaſt part of *France*, within a dayes iourne of the famous Citie of *Lyons*, at the foote of the Mountaine of *Tarara*, vpon the border and boſome of that ſweete river *Lignon*, ſoſamopled by the Minion of honour, and the darling of the Muſes, the Marquis of *Vrſe*, in his beautifull and diuine Aſtreameere *Darency* (a certaine ſmall village) there dwelt a poore countrey Farmer, named *Andrew Mollard*, who of late burying his wife, had one only child left him by her, being a very ſayre young girl, about the age of twelue yeeres old, named *Ioffeline*, whom he hoped ſhould proue the ſtaffe and

proppe of his age, and resolded when he grew vp in yeeres, and came to womans estate, to marry her to some of his neighbours sonnes, and at his death, to give her all that hule which either his parents, or his owne labour and industrie had left, or procured him.

Two or three yeeres flyding away, in which time *Mallord* increasing in wealth, and his daughter in yeeres, she was, and was lustly reported to bee the sayrest Nymph of those parts, and by all the rustlike Swaines rearmed. The faire *Iosselina*, esteeming themselues happie, if they might see her, much more if they might inioy her presence.

Now within a little league of *Mallards* house, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentelman, named *Monsieur de Coucie*, who had many children, but among the rest, his eldest sonne rearmed *Monsieur de Mortaigne*, was a very hopeful and braue Gentleman, who was first a Page to that generous Nobleman *Monsieur de la Guiche*, sometimes Gouvernour of *Lyons*, and since his death a chiefe Gentleman to *Monsieur de Saint Ierrant*, now a Marshall of *France*.

This *Mortaigne* having liued some yeeres in *Paris* with his Lord the Marshall, where he followed all honourable exercises, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like, (whereby he purchased himselfe the honourable title of a most perfect and accomplished Gentleman,) was at last desirous to see his father, partly, because he vnderstood he was weake and sickly, but especially to be at the nuptials of a sister of his rearmed *Madamoyselle de la Hay*, who was then

then to be married to a Gentleman of *Auvergne*,
rearmed *Monsieur de Cassalis*.

This marriage being solemnized, *Mortaigne*
having conducted his Sister into *Auvergne*, and
now seeing his father strong and lusty, he beginnes
to dislike the Country, and to wish himselfe againe
in *Paris*, where the rattling of Coaches, and the in-
finity of faire Ladies, did better delight and please
him: hee craues leaue of his father and mother to
returne, which (because hee is the chiefest stay and
comfort of their age) they vnwillingly grant him,
and so he prepares for his returne to *Paris*. But an
vnlooked for accident shall stoppe his journey for
the present, and another, but farre more fatall, secon-
ding and succeeding that, shall stoppe and hinder
him from euer seeing it.

For the night before he was to depart, the mor-
ning *de Couey* his father is most dangerously taken
with a burning Feauer, and so neither he nor his
mother will permit him to depart. Liuing thus in
the Country, and few Gentlemen dwelling neere
his fathers house, he giues himselfe to hunting and
hawking: Pastimes and exercises, which though
before he loued not, yet now hee exceedingly de-
lights in: now amongst other elmes, he one day
hunting in his fathers woods, (hollowing for his
dogge which he had lost in a Thicket) by chance
sprung a Pheasant, who flying to the next woods,
he sends for his Hawke, with an intent to flie at him:
and so being not so happie as againe to see sight of
him, he ranged so farre, and withall so fast, that he
was verie thirsty, but saw no house neere him, that

he might call for wine: till at last he happened on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom wee haue formerly made mention. *Mortaigne*, seeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the house, and prayed him to affoord him a draught of wine, alleaging that he was verie thirsty, *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the modell of his face, presumed to demand him if he were not one of *Monsieur de Cincy's* sons? He answered yes, and that his name was *Mortaigne*. *Mollard* presently calling to minde, that hee was his fathers heire, very courteously (in his fashion) prayes him to enter his house, and so being set downe, hee sends his daughter *Iessilina* for wine, which shee fetched, and they both drinke: where honest *Mollard*, thinking his house blessed with so great (and as hee thought, so good) a Gentleman, very cheerefully proffers him Peares, Grapes, Walnuts, and such homely dainties as his poore cottage could affoord. But wee shall see *Mortaigne* requite this courtesie of *Mollard*, with an extreme ingratitude.

Mortaigne, whose eye was seldome on *Mollard*, and neuer from his daughter, admires to see so sweet a beautie in so obscure a place: hee cannot refrain from blushing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though shee were poore in cloathes, yet hee saw her rich in beautie, which made not onely his eyes, but his heart conclude, that shee was wonderfull faire; sith it is ever the signe of a true and perfect beautie, where the face graces the apparell, and not the apparell the face.

face. And now comparing *Ioffelina's* taynt to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, he findes that the truth of her nature exceeds the falshood of their Art: for thorow the Alabaſter of her Front, Necke and Pappes, hee might perceiue the azure of her veines, which, like the windings of *Moulters* ſtreames, ſwiftly range, and ſweetly preſents it ſelfe to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and Starres of her face, their ſplendor was ſo cleere, and their influence ſo piercing, as they not onely captiuate his thoughts with love, but wound his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaigne* gaze on the freſhneſſe and ſweetneſſe of *Ioffelina's* beautie, no leſſe doth ſhe on the properneſſe and perfections of his youth, onely his eyes tilt at hers with more libertie, and hers on him with more modeſtie, reſpect and ſecrecy: which *Mortaigne* well eſpying, hee vowes to obtaine her fauour, or to looſe his life in reſearch thereof: but the end of ſuch laſcivious reſolutions ſeldome proſper.

But ſee how all things fauour *Mortaignes* affection, or rather his luſt to *Ioffelina*? for *Mollard* tells him, hee holds a ſmall tenement neere adioyning of his father, who hath now put him in ſure of law for two herriots, and therefore beſeecheth him for his good word, and fauour to his father in his behalfe. *Mortaigne* glad of this ocaſion to ſerue for a pretext and cloake for him, to haue acceſſe to his houſe and daughter, promiſeth him to deale effectually with his father for him, and the next time he paſſeth that way, to acquaint him what hee hath done therein: and ſo ſtealing a kiſſe or two
from

from *Ioffelina*, as her father went into the Court, and withall swearing to her, that he loued her dearly, and would come often to see her; he thanking *Mollard* for his good cheere, for that time departed.

But the further hee goes from *Mollard's* house, the neerer his heart approacheth his daughter *Ioffelina*. So his thoughts being stedfastly and continually fixed on her, he beginnes to distaste his fathers house, yea, forsakes all company, and many times pretending to walke in the Parke and Woods, hee steales away priuately to see his new Mistresse. He visits her often, but especially when her father is at market, and giues her Gloues, Lawne, and Silke-girdles, yea hee neuer comes to her, but brings her some gift and present, thinking thereby the sooner to obtaine his desire: but as yet hee is still deceived: for although shee bee humble and simple, yet she is chaste, and will not hearken to his allurements and incitements. Had *Ioffelina* continued constant in this resolution, her life would haue proued more happy, and her death lesse mournfull.

Mortaigne perceiuing *Ioffelina's* coyneffe and obstinacy, is therat no way the lesse, but rather farre the more insnared and inflamed with her beautie; and now perceiuing, that all his Visits, Gifts, Speeches and Prayers worke no desired effect, hee hath recourse to that old fallacy and subtile invention, whereby so many silly maides are abused and deceived; hee vowes, that if shee will permit him to inioy his desire, hee will marry her, notwithstanding.

withstanding that their birth & qualitie were so vnequal and different: and this, and onely this battery & allurements, was that which vanquished *Ioffelina's Chastitie*, who, poore girle, caught with this snare, in hope to be a Gentlewoman, shooke hands with her mayden-hood, which shee should haue prized and esteemed farre more precious then her life: but shee shall pay deare for this her folly; for shee shall liue *Mortaigne's* strumpet, and neuer dye his wife.

Mortaigne hath now his desire of *Ioffelina*; and for the fruits of this their vnchaste pleasure, in short time her belly swelles: *Mollard* her father discovers the Padde in the strawe: he grieues hereat, teares his white hayres, and vowes, his daughters infamie will shorten his dayes: he torments her with reprochings and threatnings, so as shee can finde no rest, or tranquillity in his house: she aduertiseth *Mortaigne* hereof, and requests his assistance, in this her affliction: *Mortaigne* by night steales her away, and sends her tenne leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poore Kinsmans house of his, where she is deliuerd of a young son: (But she shall shortly see with repentance) what it is to haue a child e're a husband. In the meane time shee feedes her selfe with hope, that *Mortaigne* will shortly marry her, but hee resolues nothing lesse: for the Gallants of these times, (who build their triumphes vpon the shipwracke and ruines of maidens honour) will promise any thing, ere they enioy their desire, but performe nothing, when they haue obtained it, but rather spurne at those pleasures, as at *Nosegaies*

which they delight in in the morne, and throwe away ere night.

Calintha (*Mortaigne's* Mother) all this while knowes nothing of theſe occurrences betwixt her ſonne and *Ioffelina*, and deſires to ſee him married, that ſhee might haue the felicity to ſee her ſelfe a Grandmother: to which end, ſhee reſolues to ſeek a wiſe for him; and makes a motion to *Monsieur de Vaſſy*, the *Seneshall* of *la Palliſſe*, to match her ſon with *Madamoyſelle la Varina* his onely daughter. *De Vaſſy* diſlikes not this motion: the young folkes ſee and loue: ſo as in all humane ſence and outward appearance, it ſeemes, a ſhort time will finiſh and conclude this match: But it was otherwiſe determined in heauen.

This newes doth amaze and terrifie *Ioffelina*: but as miſfortune ſeldome comes alone, ſhee likewiſe that very inſtant vnderſtands that *Mollard* her father (for very griefe of her ſoule ſack) is dead, and hath diſ-inherited her, leauing her nothing but the memorie of her ſhame, for her portion and dowrie, and onely repentance to comfort her: And this indeede is the forerunner of her future miſerie: wherefore now if euer, it is for her to looke to her ſelfe and well-fare, to which end ſhee reſolues to write *Mortaigne* a Letter, to put him in minde of his promiſe, and to take compaſſion of her pouertie, being alreadie reduced to this miſery, that ſhe hath not wherewithall to maintaine her ſelfe and child: her ſaid Letter (word for word) I thought good to inſert here, becauſe the ſubſtance and penſall thereof deſerues both pittie and compaſſion.

You haue bereaued mee of mine honour, the which (had I had as much grace as vanity) I should haue esteemed farre dearer and precious then my life. Your promise to make me your wife, was the only lure, which drew me to consent to that error and follie, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so farre from performing it, as you hate me, instead of louing me: let the sweetnesse of my youth, and the freshnesse of my beantie (which with many oathes you protested you both admired and adored) iudge whether I haue deserved this discourtesie of you: but it is a iust punishment for my sinne, and now I finde too late, though formerly would not beleene, that the fruits of pleasure are better resembling those Pills that seeme sweete to the pallat, but proue payson to the stomake: and may all maydens beware by my example. If you will not aduance my fortunes, yet seeke not to make shipwracke of my life, as you haue done of my chastitie: you know, my father is dead, and with him all the meanes which in this World I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my selfe, as of your sonne, except from your selfe, the which with millions of sighs and teares, I beg and beseech you afford vs, and if not for loue to me, at least for pittie to him: if you will not grant mee the honour to be a piece of your selfe, yet in nature, you cannot denie but your little son is not only your picture, but your image: therefore if you will not affect me for his sake, at least doe him for mine, and thinke, that as it will bee an extreme ingratitude in you, not to giue her maintenance, who hath giuen you a sonne, so it will bee extreme cruelty, not to allow that poore babe wherewithall to liue: sith hee

hath receiued both his being and life of you: but I hope you will proue more naturall to him; and more charitable to my selfe; otherwise rest assured, that such disrespect and unkindnesse will neuer goe long, either unpunished of men, or unpunished of God.

IOSSIELINA.

Ioisselina hauing penned this Letter to Mortaigne, shee desirous to draw hope and assistance from all parts, thinks it fit likewise to write another to Calintha his mother, to the same effect: the which shee doth, and sends it by a confident messenger, with expresse charge to deliuer them seuerally: the tenour thereof is thus:

I Know not in what tearmes either to relate you my misfortune, or reueale you my miserie: especially sith mine owne follie and vndiscretion gaue life to the first, as your sonne Mortaigne's ingratitude doth to the second, had I beene as wise as now sorrowfull, or as chaste, as now repentant: or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as he now hates me, I need not blush as I do, to write you, that his promise to make mee his wife, hath made me the unfortunate mother of a young son, whereof he is the unkinde father: I may well tearme my selfe unfortunate, sith I no sooner lost mine honour, but my father, who, for his displeasure of my shame and follie, gaue all his meanes from mee, which before, right and nature had promised mee: and I may iustly tearme your sonne Mortaigne unkind, sith he not onely refuseth to marry mee, but also to allowe maintenance, either for my selfe, or his child. It is therefore to you, wanting and despairing of al other meanes, friends & hopes, that, with many blushes
and

and teares, I presume to acquaint you with the povertie of my fortune, and the richnesse of my miserie, the which I humbly request you both to pittie and relieue: at least if you will not, that your sonne may, who is the cause thereof: my loue to him hath not deserued your hatred to mee; and therefore in excusing my folly, or rather, if you please, my youth, I hope you wilbe so charitable to the poore Babe my son, that I shall not want for his sake, nor hee for his fathers: or if you will frowne, and not smile on mee, but rather triumph to see mee languish and faint under the burthen of my povertie, yet vouchsafe to excuse his innacency, though you condemne mine error: and so, if I must die miserably, at least let mee carry this one content to my graue, that I may be sure hee shall liue happie. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuse that cruelty.

IOFFELINA.

Whiles Ioffelina flatters her selfe with hope, that these Letters will procure her her desire and comfort, Mortaigne and Calintha his mother receiue them. As for Mortaigne, hee like a base Gentleman (whose courtesie was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumpheth in his owne sinne, as reioyceth in Ioffelina's foolish ambition and puertry. It is a felicitie to him to thinke, that he hath abused her youth, and betrayed her chastity: and therefore hee now respecteth her so little, or rather dis-respecteth her so much, as her shame is his glory, her misery, his happinesse, and her affliction, content; yea he no more thinkes of her, but with disdain and enuie: for the beaurie of *Varina* hath

quite defaced and blotted out that of *Ioffelina*, neither doth this crueltie of *Mortaigne* end in her, but it beginnes in the prettie Babe his sonne: for hee so farre degenerateth from the lawes and principles of Nature, as he not onely hates the mother for the childe sake, but the child for his mothers sake: yea, he is so farre from giuing either of them maintenance, or both content, as he scornes the mother, and will no way either owne or relieue the childe: and so burning her Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, hee verie ingratefully and cruelly resolues to answere it with silence, and this is the best comfort which *Ioffelina* and the poore young Babe her sonne receiue from *Mortaigne*. But I feare the worst is to come.

If *Ioffelina* and her Babe receiue such dis-respect, and inhumanitie from *Mortaigne*, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his mother *Calintha*, who no sooner receiued and read her Letter, but full of wrath and indignation, shee in disdain throwes it away from her: yea, her discontent and malice is so inflamed against *Ioffelina* and her child, as fearing it may proue a blurre and blocke to *Mortaigne's* marriage with *Varina*: shee not onely refuseth to relieue them, but is so cruell and inhumane, as she wisheth them both in another World, as vnworthie to liue in this; but her choller is too passionate, and her passions too vnnaturall and cruell: for if she would not relieue *Ioffelina*, whom her sonne *Mortaigne* had abused: yet in pittie, yea in nature, shee should haue taken order for the maintenance of the

the childe whom her sonne had begotten: for if the mother had deserued her hatred, yet this poore Babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compassion then her enuy: or at least, if there had beene any sparke of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if she would not haue beene scene courteous and harborous to them her selfe: yet shee might dispense with her sonne, and winke if hee had performed it. But nothing lesse, for her malice is so great, and her rage so outragious and vnreasonable, as shee refuleth it her selfe, and commaunds him to the contrary: so as being once resolute, not to cast away so much time to returne *Ioffelina* an answer, shee at last in a humor, wherein Disdaine triumphed ouer Pittie, and Inhumanity ouer Charity, calls for penne and paper, and returnes her this bitter and cruell answer:

HAuing beene so gracelesse to abuse my sonne, I wonder how thou darest be so impudent, as to offend mee with thy Letter, the which I had once thought rather to haue burnt then read; but I finde it not strange, that being defective of thy body, thou art so of thy iudgement; so thinke, that sith thine owne father gaue all from thee, that I, who am a meere stranger to thee (as I wish thou hadst beene to my sonne) should afford or giue thee any thing; neither doth this resolution of mine proceed from contempt, but Charity: for as thou art a woman, I pittie thee, but as a strumpet, hold it no pittie to releue thee. Now then, despayring of any hope for thy selfe, thou pleadest for thy brat; but sith hee is the object of thy shame, as thou art that of my sonne, and wishall
the

the cause, why should I looke on the childe with compassion, sith I neither can, nor will see the mother but with disdain and enuie? Thou complaynest of thy misfortune and misery, without considering that the Starres and Horoscope of thy base birth neuer pointed thee out for so high an estate, as of a Clownes daughter, to become a Gentlemans wife: but thou must adde Ambition to thy Dishonestie, as if one of these two Vices were not enough powerfull to make thee miserable. Thou dost likewise taxe my sonne of unkindnesse towards thee, without considering that his loue to thee, hath beene cruelty to himselfe: for as thou art like to buy his familiarity with teares, so, for ought I know, may bee thine with repentance: if thou expect any comfort, thou must hope for no other then this, that as my sonne disdaynes to marry thee: so doe I, that either my selfe or hee relieue thee: looke then on thy selfe with shame, on thy childe with repentance, whiles my sonne and I will remember yee both with contempt, but neither with pittie.

CALINTHA.

Poore Ioffelina hauing receiued and perused Calintha's letter, and seeing withall Mortaigne so inhumane, as hee disdaines to write her: for meere griefe and sorrow, shee, with her Babe at her brest, falls to the ground in a swoone: and had not the noyse thereof aduertised those in the next roome to come to her assistance, shee had then and there ended her misery with her life, and not afterwards liued to see and indure so many sharpe afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas, Alas! shee hath now no power to speake,
but

but to weepe: yea, if her teares are not words, I am sure her words are fighes, for being abandoned of *Mortaigne*, and hated of his mother, shee is so pierced to the heart with the consideration of that crueltie; and the remembrance of this disdayne, as shee teares her haire, repents her selfe of her former folly, and curseth the houre that *Mortaigne* first saw her fathers house, or shee him: but this is but one part of her sorrowes and afflictions. Lo, heere comes another, that is capable to turne her discontent into despaire, her despaire into rage, and her rage into madnesse.

For by this time *Calintha* vnderstanding by her sonne, where *Ioffelina* resided and sojourned, shee so ordereth the matter, as when *Ioffelina* least thought thereof, shee and her Babe in a darke and cold night, is most inhumanly turned out of the house where shee was, yea, with so great barbarisme and cruelty, as shee was not suffered to rest, either in the Hay-lost, Barne or Stable, or any other place within doore; but inforced to lie in the open field, where the bare ground was her Bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold Ayre her Couerlet, and the Firmament her Curtaines and Cannopie. And now it is, and neuer before, that her eyes gush forth whole riuers of teares, and her heart and brest sends forth many volleies of deepe-fetched fighes, yea, hauing no other tapers but the Starres of Heauen to light her, shee lookes on her poore Babe for comfort, whose sight, God knowes, doth but redouble her sorrowes and afflictions, because it lies crying at her brest for want of milke, which

(poore woman) shee had not to giue it; when being in this miserable case, and accompanied with none but with the beasts of the field and the birds of the ayre, who yet were farre happier then her selfe, because they were gone to their rest, and shee could receiue none; shee after many bitter sighes, groanes and teares, vttered these speeches to her selfe:

Alas, alas, poore *Ioffelina*! It is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this misery; for hadst thou had grace to vse, and not to abuse thy beauty, thou mightst haue seene thy selfe as happy, as now thou art wretched and miserable: but see what a double losse thou receiuest for thy single pleasure; for the losse of thy chastity to *Martaigne*, was that of thy father to thee: and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou doe, or whither canst thou flye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the miserie: for as thy losse is double, so is thy griefe; for now thou must as well sorrow for thy child as for thy selfe, yea *Ioffelina*, forget to grieue for thy selfe, and remember to doe it for thy Babe, sith thou hast brought it into the World, and hast not wherewith to maintain it. And then not able to proceed farther, shee takes it vp and kisses it, and raines teares on its cheekes, though shee cannot streame milke in its mouth, when againe recovering her speech, she continues thus:

Asy me, *Ioffelina*, thou art both the Author and the cause of thine owne misery, and therefore thou must not blame Heauen, but thanke thy selfe for it: for thy afflictions are so great, as wheresoeuer thou

thou turnest thy thoughts or eyes, thou findest nothing but griefe, nothing but sorrow: for if thou thinke on *Martaigne*, hee lookes on thee with disdain; if on his mother *Calimba*, shee with Enule: yea, thou canst not behold the World without shame, thy poore infant without sorrow, nor thy selfe, without repentance: nay, consider farther with thy selfe, what thou hast gotten by casting (or rather by casting away) thy affection on *Martaigne*: he found thee a maide, and hath left thee a strumpet; thou hast a childe, and yet no husband; then thou wert so happie as to haue a father, and now thy sonne is so miserable, as hee can finde none; yea, then thou wert a friend to many, but now thou findest not one that will be so to thee: and which is worse, thou hast not wherewithall to bee so to thy selfe. Alas, Alas; thou hast no house to goe to, no friend to trust to, no meate for thy selfe, nor milke for thy child: therefore poore *Ioffelina* (quoth shee) how happie should wee both bee, if thou wert buried, and he vnborne!

Shee would haue finished her speech, but that teares interrupted her words, and sighes cut her teares in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls asleepe, but her griefes are so great, and her sorrowes so infinite, as she cannot close her eyes, nor yet be so much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Death*, to doe it for her: which perceiuing, as also that the Moone was inuclloped in a cloud, and that the Starres beginne to denie her the comfort and lustre of their sight: she fearing to bee ouertaken with raine, and per-

ceiuing a thicke wood a prettie way from her, she takes her Babe, and as fast as her weake and wearied legges could performe, (bitterly weeping and sighing) hies thither for shelter: but Heauen proues more kinde to her then earth: for lo, both the Moone and Starres assist and comfort her in this her sorrowfull iourney. Being come to the wood (which indeed was farther off then shee thought) shee beganne to be wearie, and there making a bed of leaues (which at that season of the yeere fell abundantly from the trees) she thereon for awhiles rested her selfe, but sleepe she could not: and now if any thing in the World afforded her comfort, it was to see that her infant slept prettily, though not soundly: but heere if her eyes craued rest, so her stomake craued meate: for it was now mid-night, and she had eaten nothing since noone: so pulling off her vpper coate, shee wraps and couers her childe as hot as she could; who being fast asleepe, and laying it on the bed of leaues, shee goes from tree to hedge, and gathers Black-berries, Sloues, and wild Chest-nuts, wherewith in stead of better Viands, shee satisfieth her hunger: and now she sees her selfe on the toppe of a hill, at whose foote shee perceiued a riuer and a great stony bridge ouer it: the which shee knew: as also that there was a little Village neere about a mile beyond it, which indeed, in the midst of her miseries afforded her some comfort. So backe she hies to her childe, which she findes out by its crying, it wanting not onely his nipple, but his nurse, and so with many kisses takes it vp in her armes, and hies
towards

towards the bridge, and from thence to the Village, which, she now remembers, is termed *Villepont*, where shee arriues at five of the clocke in the morning, & lodged her selfe in a verie poore Inne, being extremely glad, and infinitely ioyfully, that shee had recovered so good a harbour.

But mony she hath none to pay her expences, and to lye in Innes vpon credit, is to bee ill attended, and worse look'd on: so shee is inforced, yea, faine to sell away her quaiues, her bands, and her vpper coate, to discharge her present occasions. Poore *Ioffelina*, how happie hadst thou beene, if thou hadst had as much wit and chastitie, as beautie, or rather more chastitie, and lesse beautie! But it is now too late to remedie it, though neuer to repent it.

Ioffelina knowing *Villepont* to be but seuen leagues from *Durency* (the Parish where shee was borne) is irresolute whether to stay here, or to goe thither. Want of meanes perswades her to the first: but knowing that *Mortaigne's* loue was turned to hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be neere his incensed mother, shee resolues to stay in *Villepont*, and to write to her kinsfolkes and friends to assist her in this her misery and necessitie. In the meane time shee is enforced to content her selfe with a poore little out-chamber, where there is neither chimney nor windowe, but only a small loope whereinto the Sunne scarce euer entred, and yet shee is extremely well contented and gladd hereof.

But wealth findes many friends, and pouerty none: and yet, sith diuersitie of fortunes is the true

touchstone of friendship, we may therefore more properly and truly rearme those our friends, who assist vs in our necessitie, and not who seeme to pleasure vs in our prosperitie: for those are reall friends, but these verball: those will performe more then they promise, and these promise much, and performe nothing.

But *Iosselina* is so wretched and vnfortunate, as shee finds neither the one nor the other to assist her in this her misery: yea so farre shee is, to receiue either meanes or promises, as nothing is sent her, nor none will see her, so as miserable necessity enforceth her to report and divulge the misfortune of her fortune, and to complaine to all the world of *Mortaigne's* trechery, and of his mother *Calintha's* crueltie; yea she threatens to send him his sonne, sith he will not afford her wherewith to mayntaine it.

This is not so secretly carried in *Villepont*, but *De Vassy* and *Varina* his daughter haue newes hercof in *la Palisse*, which occasioneth her to growe cold in her affection, and hee in his respect to *Mortaigne*, so as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this match shal goe forwards. *Mortaigne* is too cleere sighted, to be blind herein, yea he presently knowes, from what poyns of the Compasse this winde commeth, and is fully possessed, that *Iosselina* is the cause of these alterations and stormes: he is exceedingly enraged and inflamed hereat, and giues such way to his passion and choller, as these obstacles must be remoued, and hee vowes to destroy both *Iosselina*, and her sonne. A bloody resolution, not befitting either a Christian, or a

Gentleman: for was it not enough for him to robbe *Ioffelina* of her honour, and to put a rape on her chastity and vertue, but hee must likewise bereaue, her of her life, and so adde murder to his lust? Alas, what a base Gentleman is this: yea, how farre degenerates he from true Gentility, to be so cruell to her that hath beene so kinde to him? But the diuell suggesteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is fayne, and that there is no way nor hope left to obtayne her, before *Ioffelina* and her brat bee dispatched. Now if grace could not perswade him from being so cruell to *Ioffelina*: (yet me thinks) nature should haue with-held him from being so inhumane to his owne sonne: but his faith is so weak towards God, and the diuell is so strong with him, that he cannot be remoued or withdrawne from his bloodie resolution, onely he altereth the manner thereof: for whereas he resolved first to destroy the mother, then the child, nowe he will first dispatch the child, then the mother. O Heauens, why should earth produce so bloody and prodigious a monster!

Now the better to dissemble his malice, he thinks to reclayme and pacifie *Ioffelina*, and so gines order that shue and her child be lodged in a better Inne in the same village of *Villepont*, and signifies her that hee hath gotten a Nurse, and hath prouided maintenance for his sonne, and that shortly he will send his Lackey for him, but withall, that she must keepe this very secret, because he will not haue his mother *Calintha* acquainted therewith. *Ioffelina* reioyceth, and seemes to be reuiued at this pleasing newes:

yea,

touchstone of friendship, we may therefore more properly and truly rearme those our friends, who assist vs in our necessity, and not who seeme to pleasure vs in our prosperitie: for those are reall friends, but these verball: those will performe more then they promise, and these promise much, and performe nothing.

But *Iosselina* is so wretched and vnfortunate, as shee finds neither the one nor the other to assist her in this her misery: yea so farre shee is, to receiue either meanes or promises, as nothing is sent her, nor none will see her, so as miserable necessity enforceth her to report and divulge the misfortune of her fortune, and to complaine to all the world of *Mortaigne's* treachery, and of his mother *Calantha's* crueltye; yea she threatens to send him his sonne, sith he will not afford her wherewith to mayntaine it.

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yea, shee be gins to forget her former misery, and flatters her selfe with this hope, that fortune will againe smile on her. So within three dayes, *Mortaigne* sends his Lackey *la Verdure* to her for the babe; the which with many kisses and teares shee deliuereth him, hoping that *Mortaigne* his father would be carefull of his maintenance, and not so much as once dreaming, or conceiuing that he had any intent to murther it. But she shall finde the contrary: for henceforth she shall neuer see her babe, nor her babe her.

La Verdure (the Lackey) following his masters command, is not foure leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable miscreant, hee strangles it, and wrapping it in a Linnen cloth (which hee had purposely brought with him) throwes it into the riuer *Lignon*; but hee shall pay deare for murthering of this sweete and innocent babe.

But it is not enough: for *Mortaigne's* diuellish malice and reuenge will not be quenched or satisfied, till he see the mother follow the fortune of the sonne: to which end he agrees with her Oast *la Palma*, and his aforesaid Lackey *la Verdure*, to stifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred frankes, they performe, and burie her in his garden, shee beeing soundly sleeping, and poore soule, not so much as once dreaming of this her mournfull, and lamentable end. What Tigers or monsters of nature are these, to commit so damnable a murther, as if there were no God in heauen to detect them, nor earth nor hell to punish them?

But

But we shall see the contrary: yea, wee shall see both the murther, and the murtherers reuealed and discouered by an extraordinary meanes: wherein Gods prouidence and glory will most miraculously resplend and shine.

As soone as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had murthered our harmelesse *Ioffelina*, they both poast away to *Durency*, aswell to acquaint *Mortaigne* herewith, as also to receiue their money (whereof the one halfe was payed them, and the other due.) This newes is so pleasing to him, as he cheerefully layes down his promise: and so they both frolike it in the Village, *La Verdure* making no haste home to his Master *Mortaigne*, nor *La Palma* to his old wife *Isabella*.

In the meane time (a moneth being past away) *Mortaigne*, hoping the way cleere, and all the rubbes remoued, that hindred him from obtrayning his faire Mistresse *Varina*; hee procures his father *de Coucy*, and other of his Parents to ride to *la Palisse*: hoping to finish the match betwixt *la Varina* and himselfe: But hee and they are enforced to see themselues deceiued of their hopes. For *De Vassye* and his daughter hauing heard that *Ioffelina* and her sonne were conueyed away, and could no more bee heard of, they (suspecting, and fearing that which indeed was false out) in plaine termes, giue *Mortaigne* the refusall, who galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang downe his head, and see his former bloody errors and crimes: but it is too late, for the Lord hath bent his Bow, and his Arrow is ready to reuenge them.

La Palma vnderstanding of *Mortaigne's* arrivall from *la Palisse*, thinkes it high time for him to leaue *Durency*, and to returne home to *Villepont* to his wife *Isabella*, who being an old woman, and hee a young man, was not onely impatient, but ielous of his long stay (which was well-neere five weekes) and the rather for that he departed, as she thought, in company of *Iosselina*: who because shee was young and faire, she vehemently suspected, he had since entertained and stayed with. But this ielousie of hers, God makes his instrument to discover this execrable murther:

For *la Palma* comming home, his wife *Isabella* (as we haue heard) being incensed with anger, and inflamed with ielousie, giues him this bitter entertainment and welcome: *La Verdure* (quoth shee) you were verie unkinde, so soone to forsake your whore *Iosselina*. *La Verdure* being pierced to the quicke with this bitter speech of his wife, like a lewd fellow gaue her first the lie, and then termed her whore in speaking it. Shee hath fire in her lookes, and hee thunder in his speeches. So after many bitter and scandalous iniuries banded one to the other, shee addes rage to her words, and hee a boxe on the eare to his choller, wherewith hee feld her as dead to the ground, yea the seruants & all that beheld it, cry out amaine, as if her soule had already taken her last farewell of her body. At this tumult, the neighbours assemble, and deeming *Isabella* dead, they lay hands on *la Palma* her husband, and carry him before the *Procurer, Fiscall* of *la Palisse*, who was then in their Village of *Villepont*, who

who without farther examination commits him to prison, and so goes in person to visit *Isabella*, who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death: shee relates him all that had past betwixt her husband & her selfe: as also of his departure with *Ioffelina*, and his long stay in *Durency*: adding withall, that hee hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now shee hopes, that this blow will not goe unpunished: yea her rage, or rather Gods providence carries her so farre, as shee constantly avertes to the Magistrate, that if *Ioffelina* be not her husbands strumpet, she constantly beleeveth hee is her murtherer: and to conclude, sayeth, that her servant-maide *Iaqueta* can say more:

Iaqueta examined, sayeth, that the night before her Masters departure for *Durency*, hee was at mid-night in *Ioffelina's* Chamber, together with one *la Verdure* a Lackey, and that since, *Ioffelina* was neither seene nor heard of: and being farther demanded, if shee knew whose Lackey *la Verdure* was? She answered, hee was *Monsieur Mortaigne's* Lackey, who was sonne to *Monsieur de Cony*. The Procurer *Fiscall*, considering their severall depositions, doth shrewdly suspect, there is more in the winde then is yet discovered: he leaveth *Isabella*, and goes to her husband in prison: and after hee had sharply chokt him for beating his wife, hee enquires and chargeth him with these two points: First, why hee and *la Verdure* were in *Ioffelina's* Chamber at mid-night: and secondly, what was become of her: first since that time,

hee hath neither beene scene nor heard of. ^{now} ~~of~~ *Lia Palma* is terrified and amazed with these demands, (and farre the more, because hee least expected them) the which apparantly appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the minde and heart. Hee answereth not punctually to those points demanded of him; but runnes on with many bitter inuectives against the rage and insolencie of his wife; and then being by the *Procureur* bid to answer to those two points, he formerly demanded of him: hee, after many frivolous and extravagant speeches, denies that either hee or *la Verdure* were in *Josselina's* Chamber; and that hee neither saw her departure; nor knew what was become of her: and withall prayes the *Procureur Fiscall*, to free and release him of his imprisonment: but hee shall not escape at so cheape a rate.

For the *Procureur*, being verie familiar with *Monsieur de Passy* his Colleague and fellow Judge of *la Palisse*, remembered that hee had formerly heard him speake of this *Monsieur Mortaigne*, who lately sought his daughter *la Verina* in marriage; as also of his entertaining and relieving this *Josselina*, a Farmers daughter of *Durency*, by whom hee had a base sonne; and now considering that at such an unreasonable house his late wife *la Verdure* should bee in her Chamber in his house; and *Lia Palma* himselfe in his company; and shee never since scene or heard of: hee thinks there is some fire hid and couered in these embers, and that there is

some deeper mystery in this businesse; which as yet was not revealed:

Wherefore like a wise Magistrate, he holds it fit, the same night to send *La Palma* priuately to *la Palisse*, as also his wife *Isabella* and *Iaqueta* for witness: and rides thither himselfe, to sit vpon his Proesse, with whom the Lieutenant of that iurisdiction ioyned, but for *Monsieur de Vassye* the Seneschall, hee (for the regard he bore to *Mortaigne*, because hee vehemently suspected hee had a deepe and chiefe hand in this businesse) would not bee present, but purposely absented himselfe at a house of his in the Country: the next morne *La Palma* is examined, as also the two witnesses, and *Iaqueta* is confronted with him, who stands firme to her former deposition: But hee flatly denies all: The Procurer and the Lieutenant adiudge him to the Racke. Hee endureth the first torment, but at the second, confesseth, that hee and *la Verdure* had stifled, and murdered *Ioffelina* in her bed, in his owne house, and had buried her in his Garden: and that they were set a worke, and hired to doe it by *Monsieur Mortaigne*, who gaue them two hundred Frankes to efface in

Loe heere by the mercy and Prouidence of God, *La Palma*'s malice to his wife *Isabella*, and her rebulfe to him, hath discovered and brought to light this cruell and bloody murder, which was so secretly contriued, and so cunningly and diuelishly acted vpon the body of *Ioffelina*: But heere being discouered, let vs likewise see how that of her harmlesse

and innocent Babe is likewise brought to light. The two Iudges themselues ride all night to *Villepont*, they search the garden, and find the dead body of *Iesselina*, having no other winding sheet but her owne smocke. They send away the Prouost to apprehend *Mortaigne* and his Lackey for this murder, who meetes *la Verdure* by the way, and seizes *Mortaigne* in his bed:

They are seuerally brought to *la Palisse*, and first *la Verdure* is confronted with *la Palma*; who denies all: but they present his feet to the fire, and then hee confesseth, not onely the murder of *Iesselina*, but likewise that of her infant sonne, whom he first strangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*: and this sayd hee, hee did at the request of his Master *Mortaigne*, of whom for his part and labour, he receiued one hundred Franks.

We haue heere found two of these murderers: and now what resteth there, but that the third, who is the Author, and as it were the capitall great wheele of these bloody Tragedies, bee produced and brought to his arraignment? The Procurer and Lieutenant repaire againe to the Prison, and charge *Mortaigne* with these two bloody murders: hee knowes it is in vaine to deny it, for hee is sure his two execrable agents haue already reucaled it: therefore hee ashamed at the remembrance of his cruell and vnaturall crimes, doth with many teares very sorrowfully, and penitently confesse all: *sub bono vigilante ob bono bonario*

It is a happinesse for him to repent these murders, but it had beene a farre greater, if hee had

neuer contrived and committed them: yea the Iudges are amazed to heare the cruelty hereof, and the people to know it, and both send their prayes and thankfulnessse to God, that hee hath thus detected and brought them to light on earth.

And now cometh the Catastrophe of their owne Tragedies, wherein every one of these malefactors receiveth condigne punishment for their severall offences:

La Palma is condemned to bee hanged and burnt: *la Verdure* to bee broken on the wheele, and his body to be throwne into the River *Lignon*: and *Mortaigne*, though the last in ranke, yet the first in offence, to be broken on the wheele, his body burnt, and his ashes throwne into the ayre: which sentence in sight of a great multitude of Spectators, was on a Market day accordingly executed and performed in *la Palisse*.

And this was the bloody end of *Mortaigne*, and his two hellish instruments, for murdering innocent *Ioffelina*, and her silly and tender infant. May all maidens learne by her example, to preserve their chastities; and men, by *la Verdure's* and *la Palma's*, not to be drawne to shed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money: and by *Mortaigne's*, to be lesse lascivious, inhumane and bloody: thereby to prevent so execrable a life, and so infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit: *la Palma* on the ladder, extremely cursed the malice of his wife *Isabella*, who (he sayd) was the Author of his death: And no lesse did *la Verdure* on the wheele, by his Master

Mortaigne:

Mortaigne; but both of them were so desperately irreligious, as neither of them considered that it was their former sinnes, and the malice of the diuell, to whom they gave too much care, that was the cause thereof.

And for *Mortaigne*, after hee had informed the World, that hee extremely grieued, that his Iudges had not giuen him the death of a Gentleman, which was, to haue beene beheaded; hee with many teares bewayled his infinite ingratitude, cruelty and vnnaturalnesse; both towards *Jesseline*, as also his and her young sonne: yet he prayed the World in generall, to pray that God would forgive it him: and likewise requested the Executioner to dispatch him quickly out of this life: because hee confessed he was unworthy to liue longer.

Now let vs glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a strict inquisition for blood, and a curious and miraculous enquiry for murder: yea, let vs both feare him with loue, and loue him with feare, sith he is as impartiall in his iustice, as in distributing his mercies.

One thing I may not omit: which is, that the Author of this story, who was the Author of his death, by his Murther, did it for the whole.

THE



THE
TRIVMPHS OF
GODS REVENGE A-
GAINST THE CRYING

and execrable sinne of

Murther.

Historie IV.

Beatrice-Ioana, to marry Alsemero causeth de Flores to murder Alonso Piracquo, who was a su-
ter to her: Alsemero marries her, and finding de Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Tomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his brothers death. Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his bodie throwne into the Sea: At his execution he confesseth, that his wife and de Flores murdered Alonso Piraequo: their bodies are taken vp out of their graues, then burnt, and their ashes throwne into the ayre.

Sith in the day of Iudgement we shal an-
swere at Gods great Tribunall for e-
very lewde thought our hearts con-
ceive, and idle words our tongues vt-
ter, how then shall wee dare appeare, (much lesse
think

thinke to scape) when wee defile our bodies with the pollution of adulterie, and taint our soules with the innocent blood of our Christian brethren? when, I say, with beastly lust and adultery, wee vnsanctifie our sanctified bodies, who are the receptacles and temples of the holy Ghost, and with high and presumptuous hands, stabbe at the Maiestie of God, by murthering of man, who is his Image? This is not the Ladder to scale heauen, but the shortest way to ride poast to hell: for how can wee giue our selues to God, when in the heat of lust and fume of reuenge, we sell our hearts to the deuill? But did we euer loue God for his Mercy, or feare him for his Iustice, we would then not onely hate these sinnes in our selues, but detest them in others: for these are crying and capitall offences, seene in heauen, and by the sword of his Magistrates brought forth and punished here on earth. A lamentable and mournfull example whereof, I here produce to your viewe, but not to your imitation: may we all read it to the reformation of our liues, to the comfort of our soules, and to the eternall glorie of the most Sacred & Individuall Trinity.

IN *Valencia* (an ancient and famous Cittie of *Spaine*) there dwelt one *Don Pedro de Alfemero*, a noble young Cauallier, whose father, *Don Iuan de Alfemero* being slayne by the Hollanders in the Sea fight at *Gibraltar*, he resolved to addict himselfe to Nauall & sea actions, thereby to make himselfe capable to reuenge his fathers death: a braue resolution, worthy the affection of a sonne, and the generositie of a Gentleman!

To

To which end he makes two viages to the West-Indies, from whence he returies flourishing and rich, which so spread the sayles of his Ambition, and hoisted his fame from top to top gallant, that his courage growing with his yeeres, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable, nor no honour enough glorious, except atchieued and purchased by danger. In the actions of *Alarache* and *Mamora*, hee shewed many noble proofes and testimonies of his valour and prowesse, the which he confirmed and made good by the receipt of eleven seuerall wounds, which as markes and Trophies of Honour, made him famous in *Castile*.

Boyling thus in the heate of his youthfull blood, and coteemplating often on the death of his father, he resolues to goe to *Validolyd*, and to imploy some Grando either to the King or to the Duke of *Lerna*, his great Favourite, to procure him a Captains place and a Companie vnder the Arch-duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloody warres against the Netherlanders, thereby to draw them to obedience: but as he beganne this sute, a generall truce of both sides layd aside Armes, which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was shortly followed by a peace, as a mother by the daughter; which was concluded at the *Hage* by his Excellency of *Nassau* and *Marquis Spinola*, being chiefe Commissioners of either partie. *Alfemero* seeing his hopes frustrated, that the keyes of peace had now shut vp the temple of warre, and that muskets, pikes and corlets that were wont to grace the fields, were now rusting by the walles, hee is irresolute what course to

Q 2 take,

take, resembling those fishes who delight to liue in cataraets and troubled waters, but die in those that are still and quiet: for he spurnes at the pleasures of the Court, and refuseth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies and son of affecting, but rather disdainig the pompe, brauerie and vanitie of Courtiers, he withdrawes himselfe from *Validolyd*, to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to seeke warres abroad, sith hee could finde none at home, where being ariued, although he were often inuited into the companies of the most Noble and Honourable Ladyes both of the Citry and Country: yet his thoughts ranne still on the warres, in which Heroike and illustrious Profession, hee conceiued his chiefeft delight and felicity: and so taking order for his lands and affaires, hee resolues to see *Malta* that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glorie of Christendome, and the terrour of Turkie, to see if he could gaine any place of command and honour either in that Island; or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Transilvania*, *Hungarie*, and *Germanie*, to inrich his iudgement and experience, by remarking the strength of their castles and Citties, their order and discipline in warre, the Potencie of their Princes, the nature of their Lawes and customes, and all other matters worthie the obseruation both of a Traueller and a Souldiour: and so building many castles in the ayre, he comes to *Alisant*, hoping to finde passage there for *Naples*, and from thence to ship himselfe vpon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There

There is nothing so vaine as our thoughts, nor so vncertaine as our hopes : for commonly they deceiue vs, or rather wee our selues in relying on them, not that God is any way vniust: (for to thinke so, were impiety:) but that our hopes take false objects, and haue no true foundation, and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alfemero* findes true: for heere the winde doth oppose him, his thoughts fight and vanquish themselves, yea and the providence of God doth crosse him in his intended purposes, and giues way to that hee least intendeth:

For comming one morning to our Ladies Church at *Masse*, and being on his knees in his deuotion, hee espies a young Gentlewoman like wife on hers next to him, who being young, tender and faire, he thorow her thinne vaile discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet beautie, she espies him feasting on the daynties of her pure and fresh cheekes; and tilting with the inuisible lances of his eyes, to hers, he is instantly rauished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this Angelicall countenance, and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of loue.

This Gentlewoman (whose name as yet wee know not) is young and fayre, and cannot refraine from blushing, and admiring to see him admire, and blush at her. *Alfemero* dies in conceit with impatiency, that hee cannot enioy the happinesse and meanes to speake with her, but hee sees it in vaine to attempt it, because shee is ingaged in the company of many Ladies, and he of many Cavaliers:

but Masse being ended, hee enquires of a good fellow Priest who walked by, what shee was, and whether she frequented that Church, and at what houre. The Priest informes him, that shee is *Don Diego de Vermadero's* daughter: hee being Captaine of the Castle of that City, that her name was *Dona Beatrice-Ioana*, and that shee is euery morning in that Church and Place, and neere about the same houre.

Alfemero hath the sweetnesse of her beautie so deeply ingrauen in his thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that hee vowes *Beatrice-Ioana* is his Mistresse, and hee her seruant: yea, heere his warlike resolutions haue end, and strike sayle. And now hee leaues *Bellona* to adore *Venus*, and forsakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*: yea, so seruent is his flame, and so violent his Passion, as hee can neither giue nor take truce of his thoughts, till hee bee againe made happie with her sight, and blessed with her presence.

The next morne (as Louers loue not must rest) *Alfemero* is stirring very timely, and hoping to finde his Mistresse: no other Church will please him but our Ladies, nor place, but where he first and last saw her: but she is more zealous then himselfe; for shee is first in the Church, and on her knees to her deuotion, whom *Alfemero* gladly espying, he kneeles next to her: and hauing hardly the patience to let passe one poore quarter of an houre, he (resoluing as yet to conceale his name) like a fond Louer (whose greatest glory is in complements and courting his Mistresse, he boords her thus:

Faire

Faire Lady, it seemes, that these two mornings my deuotions haue beene more powerfull and acceptable then heretofore, sith I haue had the felicity to be placed next so faire and so sweet a Nymph as your selfe, whose excellent beautie hath so sodainely captiuated mine eyes, and so secretly rauished my heart, that he which heretofore reiected, cannot now resist the power of loue; and therefore hauing ended my deuotions, I beseech you excuse me, if I beginne to pray you to take pittie of mee: sith my flame is so seruent, and my affection so passionate, as either I must liue yours, or not die mine owne.

Beatrice-Ioana could not refraine from blushing vnder her vaile, to see an vnknowne Cauallier boord her in these termes in the Church: and as she gaue attentiu eare to his speech, so shee could not for a while refraine from glancing her eye vpon the sprucenesse of his person, and the sumptuousnesse of his apparell: but at last, accusing her owne silence, because shee would giue him no cause to condemne it, she with a modest grace, and a gracefull modestie, returnes him this answer:

Sir, as your deuotions can neither bee pleasing to God, nor profitable to your soule, if in this place you accompt it a felicity to inioy the sight of so meane a Gentlewoman as my selfe, so I cannot repute it to affection but flattery, that this poore beauty of mine (which you vniustly paint soorth in rich prayes) should haue power either to captiuate the eyes, or which is more, to rauish the heart of so Noble a Cauallier as your selfe. Such victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your
cquall,

equall, as I your inferiour : and therefore directing your zeale to them, if they finde your affection such as you professe to mee, no doubt but regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that fauour which I in modestie am constrained to deny you.

Alfemero (though a nouice in the art of Loue) was not so ignorant and cowardly to bee put off with her first repulse and refusall, but rather seeing that the perfections of her minde corresponded with those of her beautie, hee resolues now to make triall of his wit and tongue, as heeretofore hee had done of his courage and sword : and so ioynes with her thus:

It is a prettie Ambition in you, sweet Lady, to disparage your beautie, that thereby it may seeme the fayrer; as the Sunne, who appeares brighter by reason of the nights obscuritie : and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries: but I cannot commend, and therefore not excuse your policy, or rather your disrespect, to slight and poast me ouer from your selfe, whom I loue, to those Ladies I neither know nor desire, which in effect is to giue mee a cloude for *Iuno*. No, no, it is onely to you, and to no other that I present and dedicate my seruice: and therefore it will be an ingratitude as vnworthy my receiuing, as your giuing, that I should bee the object of your discourtesie: sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of *Alfemero*, *Beatrice-Ioana* returns this reply:

It

It is not for poore Gentlewomen of my ranke and complexion, either to be ambitious, or politike, except it bee to keepe themselves from the snares of such Caualliers as your selfe, who (for the most part) vnder colour of affection, ayme to erect the trophees of your desires vpon the tombs of our dishonours; only I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to me a stranger, charitie and common courtesie commands me to thanke you for the proffer of your seruice; the which I can no other way either deserue or requite, except in my deuotions & prayers to God, for your glory and prosperitie on earth.

As she had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Masse; when *Alfemero* arising, aduanced to lift her vp from kneeling, and so with his Hat in his hand, (sequestering her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he speakes to her to this effect:

Fayre Lady, as I know you to bee the Lady *Beatrice-Ioana*, (daughter to the noble knight *Don Diego de Vermanderos*, Captaine of the Castle of this Citie: so I being a stranger to you, I admire that you offer so voluntary an iniurie to your iudgement and my intents, as to peruert my affection and speeches to a contrarie sence: but my innocencie hath this consolation, that my heart is pledge for my tongue, and my deeds shall make my words recall. In the mean time, sith you will giue me no place in your heart, I beseech you lend me one in your Coach, & bee at least so courteous as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your fathers Castle.

Beatrice-Ioana, calling to minde the freeness of her speeches, and the sharpness of his answer, not blushing for joy, but now looking pale for sorrow, repents her selfe of her error, the which shee salues vp the best she could in this reply:

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted aswell with your heart as with your speeches, I shall then not onely repent, but recant mine error, in judging your selfe by others; in the meane time, if I haue any way wronged your merits and vertues; to giue you some part of satisfaction, if you please to grace mee with your company to the Castle, (although it bee not the custome of *Alicant*) I doe most kindly and thankfully accept thereof: when *Alfemero* giuing her many thanks, and kissing his hand, he takes her by the arme, & so conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a grieve and a scandall to any true Christians heart, that the Church ordained for thankes giuing and Prayer vnto God, should be made a Stewes, or at least, a place for men to meet and court Ladies: but in all parts of the Christian World, where the Romane religion reigneth, this sinfull custome is frequently practised, especialy in *Italy* and *Spaine*, where, for the most part, men loue their Courtizans better then their God: and it were a happines for *France*, if her Popish Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But againe to our Historie.

We will purposely omit the conference which *Alfemero* and *Beatrice-Ioana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arriued to the Castle: where

where first her selfe, then the Captaine her father, thanke him for his honour and courtesie: in requitall whereof, hee shewed him the rarities and strength of his Castle, and after some speeches and compliments betwene them, he was so happie as to kisse *Beatrice-Ioana*, but had not the felicitie to entertain her: and so he departs, his Lacky attending him with his Gennet to the counter-scarfe. So home he rides to his lodging, where, whilles the winde holds contrary, wee will a little leaue him to his thoughts, and they to resolve in what sort he might contriue his sute for the obtaining of his newe and fayre Mistris *Beatrice-Ioana*, and likewise her selfe, to muse vpon the speeches and extraordinarie courtesie, which this vnknowne Cauallier afforded her, and beginne to speake of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, a rich Cauallier of the Cittie, who vnknowne to *Alsemero*, was his riual and competitor, in likewise seeking and courting *Beatrice-Ioana*, for his Mistris and wife.

This *Piracquo* being rich both in lands and money, and descended of one of the chiefest and Noblest families of *Alicans*, by profession a Courtier, and indeed (to giue him his dew) a Cauallier indued with many braue qualities and perfections, was so highly beloued, respected and esteemed in that Cittie, as the very fayrest and noblest young Ladies were, with much respect & affection, proffered him in marriage by their parents: but there was none either so precious or pleasing to his eye, as was our *Beatrice-Ioana*, whome he obserued for beauty to excell others, and for maiestie and grace to surpasse

her selfe, and indeede hee could not refraine from louing her, nor be perswaded or drawne to affect any other: so as he settled his resolution either to haue her to his wife, or not to be the husband of any. Yea, he is so earnest in his sute, as scarce any one day passeth, but he is at the Castle.

Vermandero thinks himselfe much honoured of him, in seeking his daughter, yea, he receiues him louingly, and entertaines him courteously, as knowing it greatly for her preferment, & aduancement: and so giues *Piracquo* many testimonies of his fauour, and many hopes that he shall preuaile and obtaine his Mistris. But *Beatrice Ioana* stands not so affected to him, rather shee receiues him coldly, and when he beginnes his sute to her, shee turnes the deafe eare, and neuer answereth him, but in generall tearmes: only not peremptorily to disobey her parents, she seemes to be pleased with his company, and yet secretly in her heart wisheth him farther from her.

But *Piracquo* flattering him selfe in his hope, and as much doating on *Beatrice Ioana's* beautie, as hee relies on her fathers constant affection to him, hee is so farre from giuing ouer his sute to her, as hee continueth it with more earnestnesse and importunitie, and vowes that he will forsake his life ere his Mistris: but sometimes wee speake true, when wee thinke wee iest: yet he findes her one and the same: for although shee were not yet acquainted with *Alsemero*, yet shee made it the thirteenth article of her Creede, that the supreme power had ordained her another husband, and not *Piracquo*:
yea

yea at that very instant, the remembrance of *Alfemero* quite defaced that of *Piracquo*, so that shee wholly refus'd her heart to the last, of purpose to reserve and giue it to the first: as the sequell will shew.

Now by this time *Venmandero* had notice, & was secretly informed of *Alfemero's* affection to his daughter, and withall, that she liked him farre better then *Piracquo*: which newes was indeed very distastefull and displeasing to him, because he perfectly knew that *Piracquo's* meanes farre exceed that of *Alfemero*. Whereupon considering that hee had giuen his consent, and in a manner ingaged his promise to *Piracquo*: he, to preuent the hopes, and to frustrate the attempts of *Alfemero*, leaues his Castle to the command of *Don Hugo de Valmarino* his sonne, and taking his daughter *Beatrice-Ioana* with him, hee in his Coach very sodainely and secretly goes to *Briamata*: a fayre house of his, tenne leagues from *Alicant*: where he meanes to sojourn, vntill he had concluded and solemnized the match betwixt them: But he shall neuer be so happy, as to see it effected.

At the newes of *Beatrice-Ioana's* departure, *Alfemero* is extremely perplexed & sorrowfull, knowing not whether it proceed from her selfe, her father, or both; yea, this his griefe is augmented, when hee thinkes on the suddennesse thereof, which he feares may bee performed for his respect and consideration: the small acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her, makes that hee cannot condemne her of vnkindnesse: yet sith he was not thought worthy

to haue notice of her departure, hee againe hath no reason to hope, much lesse to assure himselfe of her affection towards him: hee knowes not how to resolve these doubts, nor what to thinke or doe in a matter of this nature and importance: for thus hee reasoneth with himselfe; if hee ride to *Briamata*, he may perchance offend the father; if hee stay at *Alicant*, displease the daughter; and although hee bee rather willing to runne the hazzard of his enuy, then of her affection, yet hee holds it safer to bee authorised by her pleasure, and to steere his course by the compasse of her commands: Hee therefore bethinkes himselfe of a meanes to auoyde these extremes, and so findes out a Channell to passe free betwixt that *Sylla* and this *Carybdis*; which is, to visit her by letters: he sees more reason to embrace, then to reiect this inuention, and so providing himselfe of a confident messenger, his heart commands his pen to signifie her these few lines:

AS long as you were in *Alicant*, I deemed it a heauen upon earth, and being bound for *Malta*, a thousand times blessed that contrary winde which kept mee from embarking and sayling from you: yea, so sweetly did I affect, and so dearly honour your beautie, as I entered into a resolution with my selfe, to end my voyage ere I beganne it, and to beginne another, which I feare will end mee. If you demand, or desire to know what this second voyage is, know faire *Mistress*, that my thoughts are so honourable, and my affection so religious, that it is the seeking of your fauour, and the obtaining of your selfe to my wife, whercon not onely my fortunes, but

but my life depends. But how shall I hope for this honour, or flatter my selfe with the obtaining of so great a felicitie, when I see you haue not onely left mee, but which is worse, as I understand, the City for my sake? Faire Beatrice-Ioana, if your crueltie will make mee thus miserable, I haue no other consolation left mee to sweeten the bitterness of my griefe and misfortune, but a confident hope, that death will as speedily deprive mee of my dayes, as you haue of my ioyes.

ALFEMERO.

I know not whether it more grieved Beatrice-Ioana to leaue Alicani, without taking her leaue of Alfemero, then shee doth now reioyce to receiue this his Letter: for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of discontent, so this sayeth them to the heauen of ioy: and as then shee had cause to doubt of his affection, so now shee hath not onely reason to flatter, but to assure her selfe thereof: and therefore, though shee will not shewe at first to grant him his desire, yet shee is resolu'd to returne him an answer, that may giue aswell life to his hopes, as prayse to her modestie. Her Letter is thus:

AS I haue many reasons to be incredulous, and not one to induce mee to beleue, that so poore a beautie of mine, should haue power to stoppe so brane a Canallier (as your selfe) from ending so honourable a voyage as your first, or to perswade you to one so simple as your second: so I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter seeke mee for your wife, when in your heart, I presume, you

you least desire it, and whereas you alledge, your life and fortunes depend on my fauour: I thinke you write it purposely, either to make triall of your owne wit, or of my indiscretion, by endeuoring to see whether I will beleene that which exceeds all beliese; now as it is true, that I haue left Alicant, so it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my father: for this I pray beleene, that although I cannot bee kinde; yet I will neuer bee cruell to you: Live therefore your owne friend, and I will neuer die your enemy.

BEATRICE-IOANA.

This Letter of Beatrice-Ioana, giues Alsemiero much despayre and little hope: yet though he haue reason to condemne her vnkindnesse, hee cannot but approue her modestie and discretion, which doth as much comfort, as that afflict him: so his thoughts are irresolute, and withall so variable, as hee knowes not whether hee should aduance his hand, or withdraw his penne againe to write to his Mistresse. But at last, knowing that the excellency of her Beautie, and the dignity of her Vertues deserue a second Letter: hee hoping it may obtaine and effect that which his first could not, calls for paper, and thereon traceth these few lines:

YOU haue as much reason to assure your selfe of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if words and Letters, Teares and Vowes, are not capable to make you beleene the sincerity of my zeale, and the honour of my affection: what resteth, but that I wish you could diue as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beautie,

beautie, to the end you might be both witnesse and Iudge, if under heauen I desire any thing so much on earth, as to be crowned with the felicitie to see Beatrice-Ioana my wife, and Alfemero her husband? But why should I strue to perswade that, which you resolve not to beleewe, or flatter my selfe with any hope, sith I see I must bee so unfortunate to despaire? I will therefore henceforth cease to write, but neuer to loue: & sith it is impossible for me to liue, I will prepare my selfe to dye, that the World may know, I haue lost a most faire Mistris in you, and you a most faithfull and constant seruant in me.

ALFEMERO.

Beatrice-Ioana seeing Alfemero's constant affection, holds it now rather discretion, the immodesty to accept both his seruice and selfe, yea, her heart so delights in the agreeablenesse of his person, and triumphs in the contemplation of his vertues, that shee either wisheth her selfe in Alicant with him, or hee in Briamata with her: but considering her affection to Alfemero by her fathers hatred, and her hatred to Piracquo, by his affection; she thinks it high time to informe Alfemero with what impatience they both endeouour to obtaine her fauour and consent: hoping that his discretion will interpose and finde meanes to stop the progresse of these their importunities, and to withdraw her fathers inclination from Piracquo, to bestowe it on himselfe: but all this while she thinks her silence is an iniurie to Alfemero, and therefore no longer to be vncourteous to him, who is so kinde to her, shee verie secretly conueyes him this Letter.

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AS it is not for earth to resist heauen, nor for our wills to contradict Gods providence, so I cannot deny, but now acknowledge, that if euer I affected any man, it is your selfe: For your Letters, protestations, and vower, but chiefly your merits; and the hope, or rather the assurance of your fidelitie, hath wonne my heart from my selfe to giue it you, but there are some important considerations and reasons, that enforce mee to craue your secretie herein, and to request you as soone as conveniently you may, to come priuately thither to mee: for I shall neuer giue content to my thoughts, nor satisfaction to my minde, till I am made ioyfull with your sight, and happie with your presence: in the meane time manage this affection of mine, with care and discretion; and whiles you resolve to make Alicante your Malta, I will expect and attend your comming with much longing and impatiencie. To Briamata.

Beatrice-Ioana
 It is for no others but for Lovers to iudge how welcomethis Letter was to *Alfemero*, who a thousand times killed it, and as often blest the hand that wrote it, he had as we haue formerly understood, beene twice in the Indies: But now in his conceit, hee hath found a farre richer treasure in *Spain*: I meane his *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom he esteemes the ioy of his life, and the life of his ioy: But shee will not proue so: he is so inamored of her beauty, and so desirous to haue the felicitie of her presence, as the winde comming good, the ship sets sayle for *Malta* and hee (to giue a colour for his stay) feignes

feignes himselfe sicke, fetcheth backe his Trunkes, and rettayneth in *Alicant*: and so burning with desire, to see his sweetely deare and dearly sweete Mistress, he dispatcheth away his confident messenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to aduertise her, that he will not fayle to bee with her that night at eleuen of the clocke.

Beatrice-Ioana is ravished with the ioy of this newes, and so provides for his coming. *Alsemero* takes the benefit of the night, and shee giues him the aduantage of a posterne dore, which answeres to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her waiting Gentlewoman attends his arrivall. He comes: she conducts him secretly thorow a private gallery, into *Beatrice-Ioana's* chamber, where (richly apparelled) shee verie courteously and respectfully receiues him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kisses: which they second with complements, and many louing conferences, wherein she relates him *Piracquo's* importunate sute to her, and her fathers earnestnesse, yea, in a manner, his constraint, to see the match coneluded betwixt them: he being for that purpose there, in her fathers house, againe, after shee hath alleadged and shewne him the intirenesse of her affection to himselfe, with whome shee is resolved to liue and dye. shee lets fall some darke and ambiguous speeches, tending to this effect, that before *Piracquo* be in another World, there is no hope for *Alsemero* to inioy her for his wife in this. Lo here the first plorand designe of a lamentable and execrable murder: which we shall shortly see acted and committed.

There needes but halfe a word to a sharpe and quicke vnderstanding. *Alsemero* knowes it is the violence of her affection to him, that leades her to this dis-respect, and hatred to *Piracquo*, and because her content is his: yea, rather it is for his sake, that shee will forsake *Piracquo*, to liue and dye with him; Passion and affection blinding his Iudgement, and beautie triumphing and giuing a lawe to his conscience: he freely proffereth himselfe to his Mistris, vowing, that he will shortly send him a challenge, and fight with him, yea, had he a thousand liues, as he hath but one, he is ready, if shee please, to expose and sacrifice them all at her command and seruice. *Beatrice-Ioana* thanks him kindly for his affection & zeale, the which she sayth shee holds redoubled by the freeness of his proffer: but being loth that he should hazard his owne life, in seeking that of another, shee coniures him by all the loue he beares her, neither directly nor indirectly to intermeddle with *Piracquo*: but that he repose and build vpon her affection and constancie: not doubting, but shee will so preuaile with her father, that he shall shortly change his opinion, and no more perswade her to affect *Piracquo*, whome shee resolutely affirms, neither life nor death shall enforce her to marry. And to conclude, although shee affirme, his presence is dearer to her then her life; yet the better and sooner to compasse their desires, shee praies him to leaue *Alicant*, and for a while to returne to *Valentia*, not doubting but time may worke that, which perchance haste, or importunitie may neuer. Thus

passing ouer their kisses, and the rest of their amorous conference, he assured of her loue, and shee of his affection, hee returnes for *Alicant*, packes vphis baggage which hee sends before, and within lesse then foure dayes, takes his iourney for *Valentia*: where wee will leaue him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrences: which (like riuers into the Ocean) fall within the compasse of this History.

This meeting, and part of *Alfemero's* and *Beatrice-Ioana's* conference at her fathers house of *Briamata*, was not so secretly carried and concealed, but some curious or trecherous person neere him, or her, ouer-heare and reuale it: which makes her father *Vermandero* fume and bite the lippe; but hee conceales it from *Piracquo*: and they still continue their intelligence and familiarity: *Vermandero* telling him plainly, that a little more time shall worke and finish his desire; and that sith his request cannot preuayle with his daughter, his commands shall: But he shall misse of his ayme.

There is not so great distance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but some of the Noblest of the city are aduertised hereof: and one among the rest, in great zeale and affection to *Piracquo*, secretly acquaints *Don Tomaso Piracquo* his younger brother therewith, being then in the citie of *Alicant*: who hearing of this newes, whereof hee imagined his Brother was ignorant, loth that hee should any longer perseuere in his present errour, and to preuent his future disgrace, hee, like a faithfull and honest brother, takes oecasion from *Alicant* to

write him this ensuing Letter to *Bianca*.

BEing more zealous of your prosperity, then of mine
owne; & knowing, it many times falls out, that louers
lose the cleerenes & solidity of their iudgement, in gazing
and contemplating on the Roses and Lillies of their Mi-
stresses beauties: I desirous to prevent your disgrace,
thought my selfe bound to signifie you, that I heere un-
derstand by the report of those, whose speeches beare their
perswasion with them, that your sute to *Beatrice-
loana* is in vaine, and shee unworthy of your affection,
because she hath already contracted her selfe to *Alsemero*
your rivall: I am as sorry to bee the Herald of this
newes, as glad and confident, that as shee hath matcht
your inferiour, so you are reserved for her better: Where-
fore, Sir, recall your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities,
but consider that the shortest errors are best; and
though you love her well, yet thinke that at your pleasure
you may finde variety of beauties, whereunto hers de-
serves not the honour to doe homage. I could give no trace
to my thoughts, till I had aduertised you hereof, and I
hope either the name of a brother, or your owne generosi-
tie will easily procure pardon for my presumption.

THOMASO PIRACQVO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his brothers
Letter of counsell and advice, is so farre from re-
tyring in his sute, as he rather aduanceth with more
violence and zeale: and as many mens iudgements
are dazled and obscured a little before their danger
and misfortune, when indeed they haue most need
to haue them sound and cleere: so he is not capable

to bee dissuaded from re-searching his Mistresse, but rather resembleth those Saylor, who are resolute to indure a storme, in hope of faire weather: but hee had found more security, and lesse danger, if hee had embraced and followed the counsell that his Brother gaue him. For *Beatrice-Ioana* seeing shee could not obaine her desire in marrying *Alfemero*, & *Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirme that which formerly she had reloued on, to make him away, in what manner or at what rate soeuer. And now after shee had ruminated, and runne ouer many bloody designs: the diuell, who neuer flies from those that follow him, proffers her an inuention as execrable as damnable. There is a Gallant young Gentleman, of the Garrison of the Castle, who followes her father, that to her knowledge doth deeply honour, and dearely affect her: yea, she knowes, that at her request he will not sticke to murder *Piracquo*: his name is *Signiour Antonio de Flores*: shee is resolute in her rage, and approoues him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now, as soone as *Fernandero* vnderstands of *Alfemero's* departure to *Valencia*, he with his daughter and *Piracquo* returnes from *Briamata* to *Alicant*: where, within three dayes of their arrivall, *Beatrice-Ioana*, boyling still in her reuenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the ayre of the Country, nor City, could quench or wipe off, shee sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugered speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindenesse and

and courtesies, if hee will performe it.

De Floré's hauing a long time loued *Beatrice-Ioana*, is exceeding glad of this newes, yea, seeding his hopes with the ayre of her promises, hee is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beautie, that hee freely promiseth to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree vpon the manner how, which soorth-with wee shall see performed, to which end, *de Floré's* insinuates himselfe fairely into *Piracquo's* company and familiarity, as hee comes to the Castle, where watching his hellish opportunitie, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thickenesse and strength of the Walles, told him that the strength of that Castle consisted not in the Walles, but in the *Casemates* that were stored with good ordnance to scoure the ditches. *Piracquo* very courteously prayes *de Floré's* to be a witnes that he may goe downe and see the *Casemates*. *De Floré's* like a bloody Fawknor, seeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tells him it is now dinner time, and the bell vpon ringing: but if hee please, hee himselfe will after dinner accompany him, and shew him all the strength and rarities of the Castle. Hee thanks *de Flores* for this courtesie, and accepts heereof, with promise to goe. So hee hies in to dinner, and *de Flores* pretending some businesse, walkes in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *de Floré's* is providing him a bloody banquet in the East *Casemate*, where, of purpose hee goes, and hides a naked Sword and Ponyard behinde the doore. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* findes

our

out *de Flores*, and summons him of his promise: who tells him hee is ready to waite on him: so away they goe from the Walles, to the Rauellins, Sconces and Bulwarkes, and from thence by a Posterne to the ditches: and so in againe to the *Casamates*, whereof they haue already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater, whereon wee shall presently see acted a mournfull and bloody Tragedy. At the descent hereof *de Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaues it behinde him, trecherously informing *Piracquo*, that the descent is narrow and craggie. See heere the policy and villany of this diuellish and trecherous miscreant.

Piracquo not doubting, nor dreaming of any Treason, followes his example, and so casts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leades the way, and hee followes him: but, alas poore Gentleman, hee shall neuer returne with his life: they enter the Vault of the *Casamate*: *de Flores* opens the doore, and throwes it backe, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard: Hee stoopes and lookes thorow a Port-hole, and tells him, that that Peece doth thorowly scowre the ditch. *Piracquo* stoopes likewise downe to view it, when (O grieffe to thinke thereon!) *de Flores* steppes for his weapons, and with his Ponyard stabbes him thorow the backe, and swiftly redoubling blow vpon blow, kills him dead at his feete, and without going farther, buries him there, right vnder the ruines of an old wall, whereof that *Casamate* was built. Loe heere the first part of this mournfull and bloody Tragedy.

De Flores (like a gracelesse villaine) hauing dispatched this sorrowfull businesse, speedily acquaints *Beatrice-Ioana* heerewith, who (miserable wretch) doth heereat infinitely reioyce, and thanks him with many kisses; and the better to conceale this their vilde and bloody murther, as also to cast a mist before peoples conceits and iudgements, shee bids him (by some secret meanes) to cause reports to be spred: first, that *Piracquo* was seene gone south the Castle gate; then, that in the City hee was seene take boate, and went (as it was thought) to take the ayre of the sea. But this wit of theirs shall proue folly: for though men as yet see not this murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and punish it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Castle; so these aforesayd reports runne for current, all tongues prattle hereof: *Vermandero* knowes not what to say, nor *Piracquo's* brother and friends what to doe herein: they euery houre and minute expect newes of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort, and amongst the rest, our diuellish *Beatrice-Ioana* seemes exceedingly to grieve and moune heereat. *Don Tomaso* *Piracquo* with the rest of his friends, search euery corner of the City, and send scouts, both by land and Sea, to haue newes of him. *Vermandero* the Captaine of the Castle doth the like, and vowes that next his owne sonne, hee loued *Piracquo* before any man of the world: yea, not onely his friends, but generally all those who knew him, exceedingly weepe and bewaile the absence, and losse of
this

this Cauallier, for they thinke sure he is drowned in the Sea.

Now in the middest of this sorrow, and of these teares, *Beatrice-Ioana* doth secretly aduise her louer *Alfemero* heereof, but in such palliating tearmes, that thereby shee may delude and carry away his iudgement from imagining, that shee had the least shadow, or finger heerein; and withall prayes him to make no long stay in *Valencia*, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alfemero* wonders at this newes, and to please his faire Mistresse, beleeueth part thereof, but will neuer beleene all; but hee is so inflamed with her beautie, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo*: when letting passe a little time, hee makes his preparations for *Alicant*: but first hee sends the chiefeest of his Parents to *Vermadero*, to demaund his Daughter *Beatrice-Ioana* in marriage for him; and then comes himselfe in person, and in discrete and honourable manner courts her Parents priuately, and makes shew to seeke her publickely.

In fine, after many conferences, meetings and complements, as *Alfemero* hath heretofore wonne the affection of *Beatrice-Ioana*; so now at last, hee obtaines likewise the fauour and consent of *Vermadero* her father. And heere our two Louers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite ioy, are vnitied, and by the bond of marriage of two persons made one; their Nuptialls being solemnized in the Castle of *Alicant*, with much Pompe, State, and Brauery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that
 past betwixt *Alfemero* and *Beatrice-Ioana* in the
 Church; hauing likewise seene the amorous Let-
 ters that past betwixt them, from *Alicant* to *Bria-
 mata*, and from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; and now
 considering the pompe and glory of their Nup-
 tials; who would imagine that any auerſe accident
 could alter the sweetneſſe and tranquillity of their
 affections, or that the Sunne-shine of their
 ioyes should ſo ſoone bee eclipsed, and ouer-
 taken with a ſtorme? But God is as iuſt as ſecret in
 his decrees.

For this married couple had ſcarce liued three
 moneths in the pleasures of wedlocke, (which if
 vertuously obſerued, is the ſweeteſt earthly ioy,) but
Alfemero, like a ſond husband, becomes ielous
 of his wife; ſo as hee curbes and reſtraynes her
 of her libertie, and would hardly permit her to ſee,
 yea, ſaie leſſe to conferre or conuerſe with any
 man: but this is not the way to teach a woman
 chaſtity: for if ſayre words, good example, and
 ſweete admonitions cannot preuaile, threatnings
 and imprifoning in a Chamber will neuer, yea,
 the experience thereof is dayly ſeene, both in
England, *France* and *Germany*, where generally the
 women uſe (but not abuſe) their libertie and free-
 dome, granted them by their husbands, with much
 ciuility, affection, and reſpect.

Beatrice-Ioana bites the lippe at this her huf-
 bands diſcourteſie: ſhe vowes, ſhee is as much de-
 ceiued in his loue, as hee in his ielouſie: and that
 ſhee is as vnworthie of his ſuſpition, as hee of her
 affection:

affection: he watcheth her euery where, and sets spies ouer her in euery corner: yea, his ielousie is become so violent, as he deemes her vnchaste with many, yet knowes not with whome: but this tree of ielousie neuer brings forth good fruit. Shee complaines hereof to her father, and prayes him to be a meanes to appease and calme this tempest, which threatens the shipwracke, not only of her content, but (it may be) of her life. *Vermandero* beares himself discretely herein; but he may as soone place another Sunne in the Firmament, as roote out this fearefull frensie out of *Alfemero's* head: for this his paternall admonition is so farre from drawing him to hearken to reason, as it produceth contrary effects: for now *Alfemero*, to preuent his shame, and secure his feare, sodainly provides a Coach, and so carries home his wife from *Alicant*, to *Valentia*. This sudden departure grieues *Vermandero*, and galls *Beatrice-Ioana* to the heart, who now lookes no longer on her husband with affection, but with disdayne and enuy. Many dayes are not past, but her father resolues to send to *Valentia*, to knowe how matters stand betwixt his daughter and her husband: hee makes choyce of *de Flores* to ride thither, and sends Letters to them both.

De Flores is extremely ioyfull of this occasion, to see his old Mistris *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom he loues dearer then his life: he comes to *Valentia*, and finding *Alfemero* abroad, and shee at home, deliuers her her fathers Letter, and salutes and kisseth her, with many amorous embracings and dalliances, (which modestie holds vnworthy of relati-

on:) shee acquaints him with her husbands ingratitude: he rather reioycoeth, then grieues hereat, and now reuiues his old sute, and redoubleth his newe Kisses: shee considering what he hath done for her seruice, and ioyning therewith her husbands ielousie, not onely ingageth her selfe to him for the time present, but for the future, and bids him visit her often. But they both shall pay deare for this familiarity and pleasure.

Alfemero comes home, receiues his fathers Letter, sets a pleasing face on his discontented heart, and bids him welcome: and so the next day writes backe to his father *Alfemero*, and dispatcheth *de Flores*, who for that time takes his leaue of them both, and returnes for *Alicant*.

Hee is no sooner departed, but *Alfemero* is by one of his spies, a wayuing Gentlewoman of his wiues, whom hee had corrupted with money, aduertized, that there past many amorous kisses, and dalliances betwene her Mistris and *de Flores*: yea, shee reueales all that either shee sawe or heard; for shee past not to be false to her Lady, so shee were true to her Lord and Master. And indeede this wayuing Gentlewoman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom we haue formerly made mention, for conducting of *Alfemero* to her Ladyes chamber at *Briamata*. *Alfemero* is all fire at this newes: he consults not with iudgement, but with passion, and so, rather like a deuill, then a man, flies to his wiues chamber, wherein furiously rushing, hee with his sword drawne in his hand, to her great terrour and amazement deliuers her these words:

Minion

Minion (quoth he) vpon thy life, tell mee what familiaritie there hath nowe past betwixt *de Flores*, and thy selfe: whereat shee, fetching many sighs, and sheading many teares, answers him, that by her part of heauen, her thoughts, speeches and actions haue no way exceeded the bonds of honour, and chastitie towards him; and that *de Flores* neuer attempted any courtesie, but such as a brother may shew to his own natural sister. Then quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat shee growes pale, and withall silent. Which her husband espying, Dispatch, quoth he, and tell mee the truth, or else this sword of mine shall instantly finde a passage to thy heart. When loe, the prouidence of God so ordained it, that shee is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as she must bee a witness against her selfe, and in seeking to conceale her whoredome, must discover her murder; the which she doth in these words:

Know, *Alfemero*, that sith thou wilt enforce mee to shew thee the true cause of my chaste familiarity with *de Flores*, that I am much bound to him, & thy selfe more, for he it was, that at my request, dispatched *Piracqua*, without the which (as thou well knowest) I could neuer haue enioyed thee for my husband, nor thou me for thy wife: And so shee reueales him the whole circumstance of that cruell murder, as wee haue formerly vnderstood: the which shee coniures, and prayes him to conceale, sith no lesse then *de Flores* and her owne life depended thereon, and that shee will dye a thousand deaths, before consent to defile his bed, or

to violate her oath and promise giuen him in marriage.

Alfemero both wondering and grieuing at this lamentable newes, sayes little, but thinks the more: and although he had reason, and apparance to beleeue, that shee who commits murther, will not sticke to commit adultery, yet vpon his wiues solemne oaths and protestations, he forgets what is past; onely hee strictly chargeth her, no more to see, or admit *de Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, he vowes hee will so sharply bee reuenged of her, as he will make her an example to all posteritie.

But *Beatrice-Ioana*, notwithstanding her husbands speeches, continueth her intelligence with *de Flores*, yea, her husband no sooner rides abroad, but hee is at *Valentia* with her: and they are become so impudent, as what they before did secretly, they now in a manner doe publikely or at least, with chamber doores open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great scandall, as well to her masters honour, as house, againe informes him thereof, who vowes to take a most sharpe reuenge of this their infamie and indignitie, as indeede he doth: for hee bethinkes himselfe (thereby to effect it) of an inuention as worthy of his ielousie, as of their first crime of murther, and of their second, of adultery: hee inioyneth *Diaphanta* to lay waite for the verie houre that *de Flores* arriues from *Alicant* to *Valentia*: which shee doth; when instantly pretending to his wife a iourney in the Countrey, he very secretly and silently hauing his Rapier and Poyard,

yard, and a case of Pistols ready charged in his pocket. He (seeming to take horse) hurlieth himselfe vppriately in his Studie, which was next adioyning, and within his bed chamber.

Beatrice-Ioana thinking her husband two or three leagues off, sends away for *de Flores*, who comes instantly to her: they fall to their kisses and embracings: shee reioycing extremely for his arriuell, and he for her husband *Alfemero's* departure; she relates him the cruelty and indignitie her husband hath shewed & offered her, the which *de Flores* vnderstands with much contempt and choller, as also with many threates. *Alfemero* heares all, but doth neither speake, cough, neeze, nor spit. So from words, they fall to their beastly pleasures; when *Alfemero* no longer able to containe himselfe, much lesse to bee accessary to this his shame, and their villanie, throwes off the dore, and violently rusheth soorth; when finding them on his bed, in the middest off their adultery, he first dischargeth his Pistols on them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard runnes them thorow, and stabs them with so many deepe and wide wounds, that they haue not so much power, or time to speake a word, but there lyeweltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their soules flye to another world, to relate what horrible and beastly crimes their bodies haue committed in this. Thus by the prouidence of God, in the second Tragedie of our Historie we see our two murderers murdered, and *Piracquo's* innocent blood reuenged in the guiltinesse of theirs.

Alfemero having finished this bloody businesse, leaves his Pistols on the Table, as also his Sword and Ponyard all bloody as they were; and without couering or remouing the breathlesse bodies of these two wretched miscreants, he shuts his Chamber doore, and is so farre from flying for the fact, as he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminall Iudge himselfe, and reueales what hee had done, (but conceales the murder of *Piracquo*.) The Iudge is astonished, and amazed at the report of this mounesfull and pittisfull accident: hee takes *Alfemero* with him, returnes to his house, and findes those two dead bodies fresh smoaking and reeking in their blood: The newes hereof is spred in all the City. The whole people of *Valentia* flocke thither, to be eye-witnesse of these two murdered persons; where some behold them with pittie, others with ioy, but all with astonishment and admiration, and no lesse doe those of *Aligant*, where this newes is speedily posted; but all their griefes are nothing to those of *Don Diego de Vermadero's* (*Beatrice-Iane's* father) who infinitely and extremely grieues, partly for the death, but especially for the crime of his daughter.

The Iudge presently commits *Alfemero* prisoner in another of his owne Chambers, and so examining *Diaphanta* vpon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt *de Flores* and *Beatrice-Iane*: she affirms constantly, that now and many times before, shee saw them commit adulterie: and that shee it was that first aduertised *Alfemero* her Master heereof. Whereupon, after a second examination

nation of *Alfemero*, they, vpon mature deliberation, acquite him of this fact: so he is freed, and the dead bodies carried away and buried.

But although this earthly Iudge haue acquitted *Alfemero* of this fact, yet the Iudge of Iudges, the Great God of Heauen, who seeth not onely our heart, but our thoughts, not onely our actions, but our intents, hath this and some thing else to lay to his charge: for hee (in his sacred Providence and Diuine Iustice) doth both remember and obserue, first, how ready and willing *Alfemero* was to ingage himselfe to *Beatrice-Ioana* to kill *Piracquo*: then, though hee consented not to his murder, yet how hee concealed it, and brought it not to publike arraignment and punishment: whereby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receiue a more honourable and Christian-like Sepulchre: and if these crimes of his bee not capable to deserue reuenge and chastisement; Lo, hee is entering into a new, wilfull and premeditated murder, and doth so dishonourably and treacherously performe it, as wee shall shortly see him lose his life vpon an infamous Scaffold, where hee shall finde no heart to pittie him, nor eye to bewaile him.

If wee would be so ignorant, wee cannot bee so malicious to forget that louing and courteous Letter, which *Don Tamaso Piracquo* wrote his brother *Alonso Piracquo* from *Alicante* to *Briennata*, to wish draw himselfe from his suite to *Beatrice-Ioana*: and although his affection and ielousie to prevent his brothers disgrace, was then the chiefe occasion of that his Letter: yet, sith hee was since disaste-

rouslly

roully and misfortunately bereaved of him, of that deare and sweet brother of his, whom he ever held and esteemed farre dearer then his life, his thoughts, like so many lines, concur in this Centre, from whence hee cannot bee otherwise conceited or drawne, but that *Beatrice-Ioana* and *Alfemero* had a hand, and were at least accessaries, if not Authors of his losse: vpon the foundation of which beliefe, hee raiseth this resolution, that hee is not worthie to bee a Gentleman, nor of the degree and title of a brother, if hee craue not satisfaction for that irreparable losse which hee sustaineth in that of his brother: and the sooner is hee drawne thereunto, because hee beleeueth that, as *Alfemero* was ordained of old to chastize *Beatrice-Ioana*: so hee was by the same power referred to bee reuenged of *Alfemero*. Whereupon, although it be not the custome of *Spaine* to fight Duels (as desiring rather the death of their enemies, then of their friends) hee resolves to fight with him, and to that end vnderstanding *Alfemero* to bee then in *Alicant*, send him this Challenge:

IT is with too much assurance, that I feare *Beatrice-Ioana's* vanity, and your rashnesse hath bereaued mee of a brother, whom I ever esteemed and prized farre dearer then my selfe: I were unworthy to conuexe with the World, much lesse to beare the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seeke satisfaction for his death, with the hazard of mine owne life: for if a friend bee bound to performe the like courtesie and dutie to his friend, how much more a brother to his brother? Your

Sword

Sword hath chastised Beatrice-Ioana's error, and I must see whether mine bee referred to correct yours. As you are your selfe, meet mee at the foote of Glisseran hill to morrow at five in the morning without Seconds, and it shalbe at your choyse, either to use your Sword on horse-backe, or your Rapier on foote.

THOMASO PIRACQVO.

Alfemero acceptes this challenge, and promisseth that hee and his Rapier will not fayle to meet him: yet as hee one way wondereth at *Piracquo's* valor and resolution, so another way hee considereth the great losse hee hath receiued in that of his brother, and the iustnesse of his quarrell against him: who, although hee were not accessory to his murther; yet hee is, in concealing the cruelty thereof: and indeed this villany makes him lose his accustomed courage, & thinks of a most base cowardise and trecherous stratagem; but this dishonorable resolution and designe of his shal receiue an infamous recompence, and a reward, & punishment as bitter as iust.

They meet at the houre and place appointed: *Piracquo* is first in the field; & *Alfemero* stayes not long after, but hee hath two small Pistols charged in his pockets, which in killing his enemy shall ruine himselfe: they draw, and as they approach, *Alfemero* throws away his Rapier, & with his Hat in his hand, prayes *Piracquo* to heare him in his iust defence; & that hee is ready to ioyne with him to reuenge his Brothers murtherers. *Alfemero* being as courteous as couragious, and as honorable as valiant, likewise throws away his Rapier, & with his Hat in his hand

comes to meet him : but it is a folly to unarme our selues in our enemies presence; for it is better & fitter that hee stand at our courtesie, then we to his : when *Piracquo* fearing nothing lesse then treason, *Alfemero* drawes out his Pistols and dischargeth them, the first thorow his head, and the second thorow his brest; of which two wounds hee speaking onely thus, *O Villaine, O Traytor !* falls downe dead at his feete. Loe heere the third bloody part of our History.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit murther : but for a Gentleman to destroy another in this base and cruell manner, this exceeds all basenesse and cruelty it selfe: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a halter.

The newes of this bloody fact, rattles in the Streets of *Alicant*, as thunder in the Firmament: *Piracquo's* Chirurgion being an eye-witnesse hereof, reports the death of his Master, and the trechery of *Alfemero* : all *Alicant* is amazed heereat, they extoll *Thomas's* *Piracquo's* valor, and his singular affection to his dead brother, and both detest and curse the trechery and memory of *Alfemero*. The Criminall Iudges are aduertised heereof, who speedily send poast after him : but hee is mounted on a swift Gennet; and like *Belerophon*, on his winged *Pegasus*, doth rather flie then gallop: but his haste is in vaine; for the Iustice of the Lord will both stoppe his horse, and arrest him. Hee is not recovered halfe way from *Alicant* towards *Valentia*, but his horse stumbles and breakes his fore-legge, and *Alfemero* his right arme: hee is amazed, perplexed, and

inraged

inraged heereat, and knowes not what to doe, or whither to flie for safety: for hee sees no bush nor hedge to hide him, nor lane to saue him; and now he repents himselfe of his fact, but it is too late: his horse sayling him, hee trusteth to his legges, and so throwing off his cloake, runnes as speedily as hee may: but the foulness of his fact doth still so affright him, and terrifie his conscience, as hee is afraid of his owne shadow, lookes still backe, imagining that euery stone hee sees, is a Sergeant come to arrest him: yea, his thoughts, like so many Blood-hounds, pursue and follow him, sweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but especially through the affliction & perturbation of his mind; yea, euery point of a minute hee both expecteth and feares his apprehension:

Neither is his feare, or expectation vaine; for loe, hee at last perceiues foure come galloping after him, as fast as their horses can driue. So they finding first his poore horse, and now espying his miserable selfe, hee sees hee is enuironed of all sides, and thinkes the earth hath brought forth *Cadmean* men to apprehend him; yet remembering himselfe a Gentleman, and withall a Souldiour, hee resolues rather to sell his life dearely in that place, then to bee made a spectacle vpon an infamous Scaffold: but this his courage and resolution shall neither preuaile, or rescue him.

Hee to this effect drawes his Rapier, the which, the foure Sergeants will him to yeeld, and render vp to the Kings Lawes and iustice: but hee is resolute to defend himselfe: they threaten him with their

their Pistols, but their fight doe as little amaze him, as their report and bullets. So they alight from their horses, and enuiron him with their swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a desperate Gladiator, the third, ioyning with him, they breake his Rapier within a foote of the hilt: whereat hee yeelds himselfe. *Alfemero* thus taken, is the same night brought backe to *Alicant*, in whose Gates and Streetes a wonderfull concourse of people assemble to see him passe, who as much pittie his person, as execrate and condemne his fact.

The Senate is assembled, and *Alfemero* brought to appeare, who considering the heynoufnesse of his trecherous and bloody fact; which the deuill had caused him to commit, hee stayes for no witnesses, but accuseth himselfe of this murther, the which from poynt to poynt hee confesseth: and so they adiudge him to lose his head: but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman, who hath so trecherously and basely dishonoured and blemished his Gentility. As hee is on the Scaffold, preparing himselfe to die, and seeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes; knowing it no time now, either to dissemble with God, or to feare the Law; hee, to the amazement of all the World, tells the people, that although hee killed *Don Tomaso Piracquo*: yet, hee had no hand in the murther of his Brother *Don Alonso*, whom (he sayd) *de Flores*, at the instigation of his wicked and wretched wife, *Beatrice-Ioana*, had murthered and buried in the East *Casamate* of the Castle:

Castle: and withall affirmed, that if hee were guil-
tie in any thing concerning that murder, it was
onely in concealing it, which he had done till then,
and whereof (hee sayd) he now most heartily repen-
ted himselfe, as being vnwilling any longer to
charge his soule with it, sith hee was ready to leaue
this World, and to goe to another, and so besought
them all to pray vnto God to forgiue him; whose
sacred Maiesty, he confessed, he had highly and in-
finitely offended; and wished them all to beware,
and flie the temptations of the deuill, and to be-
come better Christians by his example.

The Iudges aduertised hereof, cause his head to
be stricken off, for murdering of *Don Tomaso Pirac-
quo*: and his body to be throwne into Sea, for con-
cealing that of *Don Alonso*: which was accordingly
executed; and from the place of execution, they im-
mediatly goe to the Castle, and so to the East *Casa-
mate*, where causing the stones to be remoued, they
finde the mournfull murdered body of *Don Alonso
Piracquo*: which they giue to his kinsfolkes to re-
ceiue a more honourable buriall, according to his
ranke and degree: and from thence they returne to
the Churches, where the bodies of *de Flores* and
Beatrice-Ioana were interred (after they were brought
backe from *Valentia*) the which for their horrible
murder, they at the common place of execution
cause to be burned; and their ashes to be throwne
into the ayre, as vnworthy to haue any resting place
on earth, which they had so cruelly stayned and
polluted with innocent blood.

Loe here the iust punishment of God against
these

these deuillish and bloody murtherers! at the sight
 of whose executions, all that infinite number of
 people that were Spectators, vniuersally laude
 and prayse the Maiesty of God, for purging
 the earth of such ynnaturall and
 bloodie Mon-
 sters.

THE



THE
 TRIVMPHS OF
 GODS REVENGE A-
 GAINST THE CRYING
 and execrable sinne of

Murther.

Historie V.

*Alibius murthereih his wife Merilla: hee is discou-
 red, first, by Bernardo, then by Emelia his owne
 daughter: so he is apprehended and hang'd for the
 fact.*

How farre are they from hauing Peace
 with God, and all his creatures, when
 they lay violent hands on their owne
 wiues: yea, when they murther them
 in their beds; instead of reposing their
 secrets and affections in their bosomes! These are
 hellish resolutions, and infernall stratagems, that
 nature neither allows, nor grace approoues. For
 besides the vnion betwixt God and his Church,
 there is none so absolute and perfect on earth, as is
 that

that of man and wife: for as this world hath made them two persons, so God hath conioyned and made them one: and therefore what madnesse, nay what cruelty is it to bee so cruell to those, who (if not our selues) are at least our second selues? Charitie (the daughter of heauen) teacheth vs to loue all the World (but especially those who are our kinsfolkes or friends. Religion, the mother of Charity, steps a degree farther, and inioyneth vs to loue those who hate vs, yea, these likewise are not onely the rules of nature, but the precepts of Grace: therefore to kill those who loue vs, and to deprive those of life, who (did occasion present) are ready to sacrifice theirs, for the preservation of ours, it must needs proceede rather from a monster then a man, or rather from a diuell, then a monster: But such diuels, and such monsters, are but too rife and common in these our sinfull times. And amongst others, I heere produce one for example: who for that cruell, and inhumane fact of his, by the iustice of God was iustly rewarded with a halter. And may all those, who perpetrate the like crime, participate of the same, or of a worse punishment.

In the parish of *Spreare*, some fifteene miles distant from the Beautifull and noble City of *Brescia*, (in the territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poore country man, tearmed *Alibius*: who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceased parents, but that he was a man of a comely stature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honest fame and reputation: so if his vertues had

answered theirs, his pouertie had neuer proued so pernicious and fatall an enimie to him, as to ruine his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes: or had the vices of his soule not contaminated or stayned the perfections of his body, my penne had slept in silence, and his Historie layne raked vp in the dust of his graue: but sith his actions haue exceeded the bounds both of nature and Grace: yea, sith he hath learned of the deuill, to imbathe his hands in poyson, and to imbrue them in innocent blood, I (incouraged by the conuiencie and silence of others) nor out of any want of charitie to the memory of dead *Alibius*, but in detestation of his bloody resolution and actions, and chiefly and especially to the comfort and instruction of the liuing, who may abhorre his crime, by the sight of his punishment: I haue aduentured and resolved to giue this a place among the rest of my tragicall Histories, that *Italie* as well as *Brescia*, and *Spreare* (and peraduenture the whole Christian World) with *Italie*, may vnderstand thereof.

This *Alibius*, as soone as he had attayned the age of fife and twenty yeeres, married an honest mayden, named *Merilla*, being a Farmers daughter of the same parish of *Spreare*, with whome he had but small meanes, and shee (to speake truth) but little wit, and lesse beautie: yet shee was neither so poore, but that she deserved a good husband; nor so hard-fauoured, but she might content an honest one. And indeede, had *Alibius* his care and industrie answered *Merilla's* prouidence

and frugalitie, or his lustfull eye not strayed either beyond his vowe giuen her in marriage, or her indifferent beautie. This match might haue proued as fortunate, as it hath since succeeded miserable and ruinous.

For *Alibius*, whose thoughts flew a pitch aboue his birth, rancke, and meanes, had not liued many yeeres in wedlocke, till his prodigality and vanity had wasted and dissipated the greatest part of that smal estate hee had: so as necessity looking now on him, because formerly hee disdayned to looke on it, knowing better how to play, then worke; or rather not how to worke, but play; and seeing that his present meanes could not maintaine him, nor his future hopes promise it, he as a true truant, and a perfect Prodigall, disdaining to want when he hath it, and when hee hath it not; sets vp this lewd and vnthrifty resolution with himselfe, to set all at fixe and seuen. But this prodigall humour of his doth as much greeue his wife, as delight him: for now shee sees, that her spinning at home could neither serue nor satisfie his expences abroade, and that all her care and labour was by farre, too little to mayntayne his vanity: which shee (poore good woman) perceiuing, yea, more then so contrary to her hopes now feeling, shee with sayre words, and secret and sweete perswasions endeuoreth to reclayme him from it; but this course of hers, workes a contrary effect: for if before, hee played the prodigall in her absence, now he playes the tyrant in her presence: for he not onely reioyceth, and stops his eares against her counsell:

sell: but rates & reuiles her with vilde and contemptuous speeches, such as indeed are infinitely vnfit either for a husband to giue, or a wife to receiue. And this, as I haue beene informed, was the first distaste betwixt *Alibi*us and *Merilla*.

But we neede not goe farre for a Second: There is no pestilent Infection, nor infectious Pestilence to that of hanting and frequenting bad company: for it is a rocke wherein many haue suffered Shipwracke; it is a fountaine that sends forth many poysoned streames to those that taste or drinke thereof: yea, it is a tree, whose fruit is by so much the more bitter to the stomake, as it seemes pleasing to the Palate, like Pills of poyson candyd in Sugar: and as that which most delights, most confounds the sence; so vse breeding an habit, and habit a second nature; vicious company, whom wee take to bee our dearest friends, doe in fine proue our most dangerous enemies, and so much the more dangerous, sith when we would forsake the, we cannot, which our *Alibi*us will at last finde true in himselfe: yea, we shall see him enforced to acknowledge it, as hauing bought and purchased it with a wofull and lamentable experience: for now hee be- ginnes to loue Swearing, Whoredome and Drunkenness, that before he hated: & to hate the Gospell of Christ, and the Professours thereof that before hee loued: A most wretched exchange, where wee take from our soules, to giue to our senses; and a wofull bargain, where we sell God, to buy the deuil!

Poore *Merilla* grieuing to see, that she could not vnsee these his vngodly courses, as also that it not
only

only consumed the small remainder of his meanes ; but likewise lost his friends , and darkened and eclipsed his reputation , thinkes it not only a part of her dutie , but of her affection to him , to request some vertuous friend or godly neighbour of theirs to deale with him herein , thereby to endeavor to perswade him from these his irregular and prophane courses : But as those who are sicke , are so deprived of their taste , as they cannot discern betwene sweet and bitter : So *Alibius* , sicke of the Lethargy of these his enormous and dissolute Vices , was so farre from relishing this wholesome counsell , as hee not onely reiected it , but scoffed and reuiled the partie who gaue it him ; and it being not so secretly (or peraduenture not so wisely) mannaged , but hee comming to vnderstand it proceeded from his wife *Merilla* , hee tooke it so passionately and outragiously , to see his follies reuealed by her , who was bound to conceale them , as most vnciuilly and inhumanely checking her , he in the heate of his displeasure and reuenge , some moneths forsakes her company , and many her bed , whereat such was her tender affection to him , and his dis-respect to her , as I know not whether shee more grieved , or he reioyced.

The motiues of his third distaste to his wife , were grounded vpon her barrennesse and sterility ; as if it were in her power to giue him a Child , when Gods pleasure and prouidence was to giue none to her , without considering that the barrennesse and fruitfulnessse of a woman , comes all from the Lord , or without remembering that some children

children are borne for a curse, as others for a blessing to their Parents: or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods sacred diuinity, what were fittest for him, & yet these reasons cannot preuaile against his vnreasonable selfe; and therefore this amongst the rest of his distastes, hee, or rather the deuill for him, throwes in against his wife, *That if hee had a child, hee should bee a good husband, and not before*: as if hee desired and sought some pretext and colour, though neuer so vnjust and vngodly, to couer his vices and prodigality; or in the eyes of the World to bolster out and apologize his iarring and squaring with his wife: yea, his impudency was growne to the height of this impiety, that he often affirmed, his wife was the cause of his pueritie: for if she would giue him no child, God would giue him no prosperity.

Now as all women by nature generally desire children; so it is a great affliction (I will not say a curse) to them, if they haue none. But these vnjust speeches of *Alibius*, doe iustly and infinitely afflict his wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther discord might trouble the harmony of their wedlocke) sends her teares to earth, and her prayers to heaven, that her blessed Sauour would be pleased to blesse her with a child: when God seeing his prophane hypocrisie, which he will reuenge; & vnderstanding her religious zeale, which he will reward, out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and prouidence, grants her her request, & him his desire: so as in short time she sees her selfe the mother, and him the father of a yong daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reason of his distaste of his wife, was, that seeing time runne on in his swift carriere; and his prodigality still remayning; as also that his Maske of his wifes sterility was taken away; hee that was heretofore so desirous of a childe, now thinkes this one to be one too many, because (sayth he) he can no way endure the crying and trouble thereof. But is there any thing so vnnaturall or ridiculous as this? Now, if he murmure at this his child, during her infancy, he will much more storme at her, when she comes vp to ripen yeeres: and observing that her mother doth substract from his prodigality, to adde to her maintenance, this doth againe extremely vex and afflict him: so that his childe, whom he pretended should be the cause of his ioy and prosperity, is now that of his griefe; and as he thinks, of his farther poverisie and misery: the which, poore *Merilla* his wife, to her vspeakable and ineffable griefe, palpably perceiueth, aswell in his vncharitable and malicious speeches, banded to her for her daughter *Emilia*'s sake, as to *Emilia* for her sake: But what know wee, whether God hath purposely sent this daughter, to reuenge the iniuries and wrongs that her father intendeth to her mother? or whether hee hath so disposed of his children, as yet) his last distaste against his wife, proceeds from his observing that her beaurtie is withered and decayed; not that hee heretofore hee knew her fayre: but that shee is not so faire now as when hee first married her: as if time and age had not power to wither the blossomes of our youth, as the Sunne hath to dayer the freshest Roses.

Roses and Lillies. But as all his former distastes towards his wife, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophanenesse: so this last of his doth manifestly discover his addiction to Lust; and his affection to Whoredome: for it is impossible for our wiuues to seeme foule in our eyes, except there bee some other seeme fayrer; as blacknesse seemes blacker, when it is compared and paralleled with whitenesse: and this indeed is the Vulture and Viper that stickes so close to his brest, and so neere to his heart, yea, this is his darling and bosome sinne that will strangle him, when it makes greatest shew to kisse and embrace him.

Alibius; powerfully solicited by these five seuerall distastes conceiued against his wife *Merilla*, who poore woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocency, whiles hee (in the heate and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuousnesse and sensualitie; but especially prouoked by his owne povertrie and penury; who now beganne to appeare to him in a leane and miserable shape: hee leaues his wife and family, and betakes himselfe to the seruice of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to stoppe the current of his prodigality; and to finde out the inuention and meanes, futuely to get that which formerly he had expended: which resolution of his had bene indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had bene answerable to the sweetness of his tongue: but we shall see the contrary, and finde by his example, that Snakes alwayes lurke vnder the fairest and greenest leaues.

During which time, he serues some Gentlemen of worth and quality, but one of especiall accompt and reputation; not distant about three small miles from the City of *Brescia*, who being an excellent House-keeper, and a good member of the common-weale, there *Alibius* (had hee had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as impiety) might haue forgotten his old vices, and haue learned new Vertues: but if hee delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was first to bee a perfect Caruer and Wayter, then to bee decent in his apparell; and last of all, to bee smooth in his speeches, and affable and pleasing in his complements, without any regard at all, either to reforme the vanity of his thoughts, or to controule his dissolute and dangerous actions.

Hauiug thus past away many yeeres abroad in seruice, and verie seldome or neuer either scene *Spreare*, or visited his *Merilla* and *Emelia*: hee at last seeing of the one side, that age beganne to snow on his head; and that the greatest wealth of a Seruing-man, was, to haue onely a new Livery, and a full belly, to haue many verball, but no reall friends, resolved to leaue his seruice, as also his wife and daughter in *Spreare*: and so to trauell to *Venice*, hoping there in some honest place, and imployment, to serue the Seigniorie, or at least some one of the *Magnificas* or *Clarissimas*: but then considering the charge of the iourney, the weakenesse of his purse, and the vncertaintie of his aduancement and preferment, hee resolves for a time to sojourne in

in *Brescia*, and to watch if any occasion or accident presented, whereby he might repaire and raise his fortunes.

He had not long liued in this Cittie (which for antiquitie, beautie, situation, wealth and fidelitie, (after *Venice* it selfe) giues not the hand to any of her sister Citties of that state:) but his eyes (as the lustfull sentynels of his heart) espie so many beauties, as he beganne to loath his owne wife *Merilla*, and to wish her in another world, that he might haue another wife in this. Lo, here the diuell be- ginnes with him anew to perswade him to hate his wife.

Abiding thus in *Brescia*, it fell out that he, who bore the siluer rod in token of honour, and Iustice, (or rather of honor to Iustice) before the Podestare or chiefe Magistrate of this Cittie dyed: and to this Office *Alibius* (because he knew himselfe a graue and personall man, aspired: and what through the respect of his grauitie, through his smooth tongue, and fayre speeches: but especial- ly by making many friends to the Podestare and Senators, he at last obtayned it: a place indeede, more honourable then profitable, and yet worth at least one hundred *Zéchines*, *per annum*, besides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* looke aloft, and so he scornes his poore wife *Merilla*, as if there were no paritie and simparchie betwixt her ragges and his robes: yea, he would not see *Sproare*, nor suffer her to see *Brescia*, and the diuell was so busie with him, or he with the deuill, that in hope of a richer and fairer wife, he resolues to poyson her,

according as he heretofore had many times thought and premeditated : and that which egged and threwe him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himselfe, and of his much dignitie and preferment. But as pouertie many times befallles vs for our good, so sometimes, wealth and prosperitie bring vs misfortune and miserie.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewise much reioyce him : An honest Cittizen of *Brescia*, of his owne name though no way his kinsman, dyes, (and as since it hath beene shrewdly imagined, not without vehement suspicion of poyson) leauing a rich widdowe, named *Philarea* : and for the familiarity and good conceit hee had of our *Alibius*, as also induced thereunto through his hypocriticall shew of honestie and piety, makes him sole ouerseer of his will : so neatly and smoothly did our *Alibius* worke and insinuate himselfe into his fauour : But the maske of this his hypocritie shall be soone puld off.

Alibius seeing *Philarea* young, rich and fayre, he lookes on her more often then on her husbands testament : and so wishing his wife *Merilla* in his adopted kinsmans graue, and himselfe in *Philarea's* bed ; he bends his purposes and intents that way, as so many lines that runne to their center : yea, so strongly hath the deuill possessed him with these hellish designs and bloodie resolutions, as his loue to *Philarea*, defacing his respect to *Merilla*, he sees her a blocke in his way, and a stop to his preferment, and so concludes that shee must be remoued and dis-

dispatched: to which effect, to draw his sinfull contemplation into bloody action, he rides ouer to *Spreare* to her, and vnder colour of tender loue and affection, he in Milke, Wine, and roasted Apples, giues her poyson; when seeing it would not worke his desired effect, he after takes an occasion, purposely to quarrell with her, and so verie lamentably (in presence of their daughter *Emelia*) reuiles and beates her, and returns to *Brescia*, still hoping that the poyson might yet operate, and disperse it selfe in her veynes, and that shortly hee should heare newes of her death. Lo here *Alibius* his first attempt, in seeking to murder his wife.

In this meane time he laies close siege to *Philateas* Chastitie, who nor so honest as fayre, is soone drawne to sinne, and prostitutes her selfe to his beastly pleasure, and hauing no regard to her reputation, conscience, or soule, consents to this bitter-sweete sinne of adulterie: the which lascinious familiaritie is so long continued betwixt them, till at last *Philateas* straight Bodies become too small, and her Apron too short for her: when seeing it high time to provide for her fame, she acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and askes his aduice, whether shee shall marry with one of her seruants: *Alibius* meaning to keepe the farre for himselfe, whereof he had already taken possession, bids her not to take care for a husband, but to bee of good comfort, and that farre within her time, hee would provide a place for her, to lay downe her great belly, yea, so secret, as her owne heart could either wish or desire.

But

But if our miserable *Alibius* were before resolved to murther his poore harmelesse wife *Merilla*, this newes and these speeches of *Philatea*, sets him all on fire: and so (having consulted with the deuill) he vowes shee shall not liue: to which end he provides himselfe of stronger poyson, and in a darke night (when as hee flatters himselfe with hope, that the heauens were so vniust and inhumane to conspire with him in the murther of his wife) he takes horse in the East suburbe of *Brescia*, and so rides towards *Spreare*.

But see the iustice, and withal the providence and mercy of our indulgent God! who vouchsafed, and and yet resolved to restrayne and diuert him from this his bloody enterprise, by an accident as strange as true: for a mile out of *Brescia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of execution, his horse stumbles and falls vnder him right against it, with which fall, his shoulder is put out of ioynt. O what a caueat was this for *Alibius*, if he had had the least spark of grace to haue made good vse hereof! But the diuell had bewitched his vnderstanding and iudgement: for he could now see by no other eyes, but by those of reuenge and blood.

Arriuig at his house at *Spreare*, hee, contrary to his hopes, finds his daughter *Emelia* with her mother: (who by this time was married likewise to a poore countrey man of *Spreare*) whose sight and presence was, for that time, a stop to the execution of her fathers poysoning designe on her mother; for he feared that she had formerly discovered and suspected this his purpose and resolution: as in-

indeede shee had: wherefore he forbore to admi-
nister it, onely because hee would not lose all his
labour, hee againe quarrells with his wife, and after
he had teuelled her with many scandalous and con-
tumelious speeches, hee in the presence of his
(mournesfull) daughter, doth exceedingly beate her;
who (weeping to see her mother weepe) infinitely
griued to be an eye-witnesse of this inhumane and
barbarous cruelty of her father: And so for that
time *Alibius* againe permitted his wife to live:
But this will proue no pardon, but onely a short re-
priuall for her.

Returning againe to *Driscoll*, it is not long be-
fore *Philista* doth againe inportune him to pro-
uide for the concealing and saluing of her shame,
alleading that her time drew on, and that it was
more then time to prouide her a husband. *Alibius*,
at these her second assuimons, beginnes to looke
about, and resolues at what gate, or in what manner
soeuer, now to send his wife into another World;
yet (as I thinke, or euer vnderstood) conceales his
purpose from *Philista*. Miserable wretch I had hee
not participated more of the nature of a Tygre,
then a man, or of a deuill then a Tygre, hee would
neuer haue layd violent hands on his owne wife,
whom earth and heauen had made flesh of his
flesh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had he had so
much grace to haue considered, that the silver wand
he bore before the *Podestate*, was for the scourging
and punishing of sinne: Me thinks it should haue
made him more charitable, and not so bloody
to attempt it. But what will not lust enterprise,
and

and reuenge exotute, if we neither feare God with our hearts, nor loue him with our soules?

Perseuerance in Grace and Vertue is excellent, but in sinne lamentable. *Alibius* hath had yecres and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his wife: but the longer hee liues, the deeper roote it takes in him, yea, hee will neither giue the flower of his youth, nor the branne of his age to God, but that to pleasure, this to reuenge and murther, and both to the deuill: for now he is resolute to finish this mournfull and bloody Tragedy, that hee hath so long desired, and so often attempted: and now indeede the fatall time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the murtherous hand of her husband, must bee sent out of this World to see a better.

Alibius hauing wayted on the *Podestats* to supper, takes horse, a little before the gates of the City were shut; and hauing his former poyson in his pocket, away hee rides to *Spreare*: but to act his villany with the greater secrecy, hee masketh and disguiseth himselfe: approaching his house, hee in the next Meddow ties vp his horse to a tree, and so knockes at doore. Poore *Merilla* his wife was in bed & asleepe, with (a little Girle) her Grandchild, named *Pomerea*, the daughter of her daughter *Emilia*, whom, without a candle, she sends down to open the doore, assuring her selfe (as indeed it proued too true for her) that it was her husband *Alibius*. *Pomerea* opening the doore, lets one in, but whom shee knowes not: and then for feare retires to the kitchen, which shee shuts fast on her. So *Alibius* mounts.

mounts to his wifes Chamber, and after some words giues her a potion (some say of milke) bitterly sugered with poyson, and forceth it downe her: who poore soule is amazed hereat, and with her weake strength cries out for helpe, but in vaine. He being diuellishly resolved now to make sure worke, takes a biller out of the chimney, and so dispatcheth and kills her in her bed (without giuing her any time to commend her soule vnto God) and so very hastily rusheth forth the doore.

Pomerea, fearing that which was happened, lights a Candle, and ascends vp the Chamber, where shee sees the lamentable spectacle of her murdered Grand mother; hot, reeking and smoaking in her bed: whereat shee is amazed, and makes most wofull cries and mournfull lamentations; when wringing her hands, and bitterly sighing and weeping she knowes not what to doe, or what not to doe in this her bitter and wretched perplexity, in which meane time *Alibius* going for his horse: findes onely the halter: for his horse is grazing in the Meddow: hee diligently seekes him, but cannot a long time see sight of him: which indeed doth much astonish and amaze him; but at last hee findes him, and so gallops away to *Brescia*: where the better to delude the World, and to cast a mist before their eyes, hee is againe by fixe of the clocke in the morning wayting vpon the *Podestate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedrall Church of that City. But this policy of his shall not preuent his detection and punishment.

In this meane time, *Pomerea* runnes to the nearest

neighbours; and divulged the matter of her Grandmother. Many of the neighbours flocke thither, to see this bloody and wofull spectacle: the *Corrigadors* of *Spaine* are acquainted heere with: they send for *Chirurgions*, who visit the dead body, and report shee is both poysoned and beaten to death; they examine poore *Pamela*, who relates what shee sees and knowes: they send every where to search for the murderer. By this time the newes hereof comes to *Bessie*. *Alibon* (like a counterfeite miscreant) is all in teares, yea, hee sheweth such living affection to the memory of his dead wife, as hee sends every where to finde out the murderer. But God will not have him escape, for in due time wee shall see him brought forth and appeare to the World in his colours.

Alibon, notwithstanding his teares in his eyes, hauing still a hell in his conscience, is stopped, lest *Emelia* his daughter (measuring the subsequent by the antecedent) hold him to bee her mothers murderer: and because the *Corrigadors* of *Spaine*, (suspecting her) have taken silences for her apparance: hee, the better to insinuate with her, vetch her with more then wonted countenance and affabilitie, imagining, that if her mouth were stopped, hee needed not feare any others tongue. But this politike sleight of his shall not preuaile.

Now by little and little, Time (the consumer of all things) begins to weare away the crying rumor of this murder: and so *Alibon* thinking himselfe secure ere, three moneths bee fully expired, forgetting

forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philana* to his second wife: which being knowne in *Brescia*, many curious heads in that City (though not upon any substantiall ground, but onely out of presumptiue circumstances) vehemently suspect that *Alibius* had a deepe hand in the murder of his late wife *Merilla*: but they dare not speake it aloud, because hee was well beloved both of the *Populack* and *Senators* (for that yeere being) and generally of all the *Senators*.

But as further pierce the Cloudes, and crye for reuenge from Heauen, so wee shall see this of *Alibius* quiered, till hee shall be long, severely punished: for when hee thought the storme past, and saw the Skies cleere, when, I say, he imagined that all rumours and tongues were hushed up, as silence, and that hee thought of nothing else, but to passe his time sweetly and voluptuously with his new and late wife *Philana*, then, when all other meanes and instruments wanted, to bring this his obscure and bloody fact to light. Now, by the Divine providence of God, wee shall see *Alibius* himselfe be the cause, and instrument of his owne discovery.

For after hee had married *Philana* (which I take to be the first light of suspecting him of his wife *Merilla*'s murder) (if my information be true, as I confidently beleue it is) this is the second *Alibius* under pretence of other businesse, sends for one *Sepparato*, of the Parish of *Speare*, to come to him to *Brescia*. Now, for our better

light and information herein; as also for the more orderly contriuing of this History, wee must understand, that this *Bernardo* was an old associat and dissolute companion of *Alibius*: whom (as it is well knowne by those who knew them) hee had many times used and made his stickler and agent in many of his former lewde courses and enterprises: so that I any way thinke hee had any hand in the past murder of *Merilla*: for then (likhow) such is the Candeur and Wifdome of the *Carrigallors* of *Spreare*, and such the cleere indgement and zeale of the Senators of *Brescia* to justice, that hee had neuer escaped, but had bene apprehended and brought to his trial.

Wee must farther understand, that this *Bernardo* was likewise a companion of *Emelia's* husband: yea, scarce any one day past, but they were knowne and seene together in Tippling houses, and other such lewde and vicious places, whereas drinke was still a most trecherous and vsecret Secretary.

It may be, that what *Merilla* told her husband privately, hee discovered it publicly to *Bernardo*: who comming (as wee have formerly heard) to *Brescia*, after his conference with *Alibius*, hee fell to his olde vaine of tippling and carowling: and there without the North gate of *Brescia* (which lookes towards *Bergamo*) hauing more money then witte, and more wine then money, in the midst of his cuppes, told hee was a *Contadyne*, or *Countryman* of *Spreare*: that hee knew *Alibius*, as great as now hee bore him.

himselfe; and that he murdered his poore wife in the Countrey, to haue this fine one in the Citty. Which speeches of his he reiterated and repeated often; yea, so often, as they fell not to the ground, but some of his lowd companions tooke notice thereof; and one amongst the rest, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius*, went and secretly aduertised him heereof: who (vnder-hand) sends away for *Bernardo*, where hee was, and wrought so with him, as since that time hee was neuer seene in *Brescia*. But this report of his remained behind him.

A second light which *Alibius* gave to the discovery of this his murder, was, that thinking the way cleere, and all suspicion vanished, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courtesie to disrespect and vnkindnesse towards his daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greatest part of that small meanes he gaue her towards her maintenance; which vncharitable and vnnaturall part of his, threw this poore woman into so bitter a perplexitie, as knowing in her conscience, that her father was her mothers murderer, shee exceedingly apprehended and feared, lest he would attempt to dispatch her likewise; the which shee farre the more doubted, because her father had bayled her, but not as yet freed her from her apparance before the Corrigadors of *Spreare*. But here, as simple as shee was, shee enters into many considerations with her selfe, that, to accuse her father, would be as great a disobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to murder her mother.

She

She is a long time irresolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpose and enterprise: and here she consults betwixt nature and grace, betwixt the lawes of Earth and heaven, what shee should doe, or how shee should beare her selfe in a matter of so vana naturall a nature. It grieues her to bee the means of her fathers death, of whom shee had receiued her being: and yet shee sorroweth not to reueale the murder of her mother, of whom shee inioyed her life. But though sense and nature cannot, yet reason and Religion will reconcile, and cleare these doubts: yea, euaporate those mists, and disperse these clouds from our eyes, and make vs see cleere, that Earth must not conceal murder, sith God receiues glory both in the detection and punishment thereof.

Some will say, this daughter did ill to accuse her father. But who will not affirme that he did farre worse, to murder her mother? Neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it: for shee enters into this resolution with teares, and persecution therein with sighes and lamentations: but if shee were at first resolute herein, this resolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when shee sees her father so suddainely married, and her mother in law ready to lay downe her great belly, especially when she heares the reports of his suspicio breated in *Brescia*. So now shee can no longer contrayne her selfe, but goes to the next Corrigador, and reueales him, that her father *Alibius* was the murder of her mother *Maria*.

The Corrigador being a wise and graue Gentleman

tleman, wondering at this lamentable newes, retaines *Emelia* in his house, and writes away to the Podestate of *Brescia* hereof : who receiues this newes on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chiefest Senators thereof : who repayre to his house. The probabilities and circumstances are strong against *Alibius*. So they all conclude to imprison him ; he is at the doore, ruffling in his garded gowne and veluet cap, with his siluer wand in his hand (as if hee were fitter to check others then to be controuled himselfe :) waiting to conduct the Podestate to the *Domo*. *Alibius* little dreams how neere hee is to danger, or danger to him: he is by an Isbiere or Serieant called in to speake with the Podestate : and although his conscience inwardly torment him, yet he puts a good (or at least a brazen) countenance on all, and so very cheerefully comes before him : at his first arriual, his veluet cap and siluer wand (those dignified marks of honour and iustice) are taken from him, and consequently his office : (because these are rewards only proper to vertue, and not to vice) he is examined by those worthy Magistrates, who beare grauitie in their lookes, wisdom in their speeches, and iustice in their actions. *Alibius* hath many smooth words, for the defence of his crime, which with the ayd and varnish of his gracefull gesture, he strives to extenuate and palliate, but in vaine: for he hath to doe with those Magistrates, who cannot bee deluded, or carried away, either with the sugar of a lyē, or the charme of an euasion. So they com-

mit him close prisoner, where he hath both time and leasure to thinke on the foulnesse of his fact, & the vnnaturalnesse and barbarisme of his cruelty.

The Munday following, the Corrigadors of *Spreare* send *Emelia* to *Brescia*, where, the next day the Podestate, Prefect and Senators examine her: they first exhort her to consider, that shee speakes before God: and although *Alibius* bee her earthly father, yet hee is her heavenly: they coniure and sweare her to speake the truth, and no more: and because they see her a simple illiterated woman, they informe her what the vertue and nature of an oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her knees, wringing her hands, & stedfastly looking vp towards heauen, shee (bitterly weeping and sighing) for a prettie while, had not the power to vtter a word: The Prefect with milde exhortations and speeches encourageth her to speake, when with many teares and interrupted sighes, shee at last proffereth these words, My father hath often beaten my mother, and euen layne her for dead: and at other times, hee hath giuen her poyson, and hee it is and no other, that hath now murdered her. One of the Senators, (some say it was the Podestate, who as much fauoured *Alibius*, as hated his crime:) bade *Emelia* looke to her conscience, and her conscience to God; and withall to consider, that as *Merilla* was her mother, so *Alibius* was her father. Whereat shee bitterly weeping, againe sayd, that what shee had already spoken, was true, as shee hoped to inioy any part of heauen. So they binding her to giue euidence at the great Court of the Province,

uince, which some foure moneths after was to be held in the Castle of their Cittie, they dismisſe her.

In which meane time *Alibius* is viſited in priſon by diuers of his acquaintance: yea, ſome of the chiefeſt Senators themſelues afford him that honour and charitie, they deale with him about his crime: but in vaine, for hee takes heaven and earth to witneſſe, that he is innocent, yea, he ſeemes to bee ſo religious and conſcionable in his ſpeeches, as he drew many of inferiour ranke and vnderſtanding to beleue, that his accusation was not true, and his imprifonment vniuſt and falſe. But God will ſhortly vnmaſke his hypocrific, and to his ſhame and confuſion, lay open and diſcouer to the whole World: his vnnaturall & bloody cruelty.

And now the time is come, that the Duke and Seigniory of *Venice* are uſed to depute and ſend forth Criminall Iudges, to deſcend and paſſe thorow the Prouinces of their territories and dominions: to ſit vpon all capitall malefactours, and to puniſh them according to their deſerts. A cuſtome indeede held famous, not onely in the Chriſtian, but in the whole vniuerſall World: and whereby the *Venetian* State doth undoubtedly receiue both glory, vigour, and life, ſith it not onely proſerueth their peace, and propagateth their tranquillity, but alſo rooteth out and exterminateth all thoſe that (by their lewde and diſſolute actions) ſeek to impugn and infringe it.

Thus theſe high and Honourable Iudges (being in number two for every diuiſion) hauing diſpatcht their buſineſſe (or rather that of the Seigniories)

in *Padua, Vincenza, Verona* and *Bergamo*, are now arrived in *Brescia*, in the Castle whereof, (which is both beautifull and conspicuous to the eye) they keepe their Forum and Tribunall. And because this Citty is exempted from the Prouince, as being particularly indowed with a peculiar iurisdiction, and honoured with many honourable priuiledges and prerogatiues: therefore (*Merilla* beeing murdered in the Prouince) *Albins* is fetched out of his first prison, and by one of the chiefeft and graueft Senators deputed for that purpose by the Podestate, and Senate: conducted and conueyed to the Castle, there to bee arraigned by those two great Iudges: and although this aforefaid Senator was so wise and religious, as he seemed to haue the Art of perswasion in his speeches: yet by the way, vsing his best oratory and charity to draw *Albins* from denyall, to confession, and from that, to contrition and repentance: his heart was still so peruerse and obdurate, as hee notwithstanding perseuered in his wilfull obstinacy, and peremptorily continued and stood vpon the poynts of his innocency, and iustification. So strong was the diuell yet with him:

But whiles an infinite number of spectators gaze on *Albins* as hee is in the Castle: and he cheerefully and carelessly conuersed with some of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conscience were such, as his heart felt no griefe nor perturbation. Lo! hee is called to his arraignment, whereunto that world of People, who were then in the Castle, flock and concur.

His

His thoughts are so vaine, and his vanity so ambitious, as hee comes to the barre in a blacke beaten Satin sure, with a faire Gowne, and a spruce set Ruffe, hauing both the haire of his head and his long gray Beard neatly kornbed and cut, yea, with so pleasant a looke, and so confident a demeanor, as if he were to receiue not the sentence of his guiltinesse and death, but that of his innocency and enlargement. These honourable Iudges cause his Inditement to be read, wherein his poysoning and murdering of his wife, is branched and depaynted out in all its circumstances, whereat his courage and confidence it yet (notwithstanding) so great, as by his lookes hee seemes no way moued, much lesse astonished or afflicted : The witnesses are produced : first, his owne daughter *Emelia*, who with teares in her eyes stands firme to her former deposition, that he had often beaten her mother almost to death, and now had killed & poysoned her, agreeing in euery point with her deposition giuen to the Podestate and Prefect of *Brescia* : which to resell, her father *Alibius*, with many plausible and suggested speeches, tells his Iudges, that his daughter is incensed or lunatike ; or else that she purposely seekes his life, to enioy that small meanes hee hath, after his death, and so runnes on in a most extrauagant and impertinent apologie for himselfe, with many inuectiue and scandalous speeches against her, and concludes, that hee was neuer owner of any poyson.

His Iudges, out of their honourable inclination, and zeale to sacred Iustice, permit him to speake

without interruption: when hauing ended, they beginne to shew him the foulness of his fact: yea, like heavenly Orators, they paynt him out the deuillish nature and monstrous crime of murther: the which they say hee redoubleth by denying it, notwithstanding that they haue euidence as cleere as the Sunne to conuince him thereof: and so they call for two Apothecaries boyes, who seuerally affirme, they sold him Rates-bane at two seuerall times.

But the diuell is still so strong with *Alibius*, as, though his conscience doe hercat afflict and torment him: yet, there is no change nor signe thereof either seene in his countenance, or discerned in his speeches, but still hee perseuers in his obstinacy, and in a brauery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries boyes euidence with this poore euasion, that hee bought and vsed it, onely to poyson Rattes: And so againe with many smooth words, humble crouches, and hypocriticall complements, hee vseth the prime of his subtilty and inuention, to make it appeare to his Iudges, that hee had no way imbrued his hands in the blood of his wife: But this will not auaille him for hee is before Lynceë-eyed Iudges, whose integritie and wisdom can pierce thorow the foggie mists of his excuses, and the obscure cloudes of his farrefetched shifts, and cunningly compacted euasions.

And now to cloze and winde vp this History, after the Iury impannelled had amply heard, as well the witnesses against *Alibius*, as his defence for himselfe: and that all the world could testifie
thar

that his Iudges gaue him a faire triall, they returne and report him guilty of murthering his wife *Merilla*; whereat he is put off the barre, and so for that time sent backe to his prison: and yet the heate of his obstinacy being hereat no way cooled, the edge of his deniall any way rebated: nor the obduratenesse of his heart, the least thing mollified: he, by the way as hee passeth, beating his brest, and sometimes out-spreading his armes, sayth, it is not his crime, but the malice of his deuillish daughter that hath cast him away: yea, although many of his compassionate and Christian friends doe now againe in prison worke and perswade him to confession, by alleadging him, that God is as mercifull to the repentant, as seuerer to the impenitent and obstinate, yet, all this will not preuaile.

The second morne after his conuiction, hee is brought againe from his prison, to the Castle, and so to the barre, to receiue his iudgement, where one of the two most honourable Iudges shew him:

That it is his hearkning to the deuill, and his forsaking of God, that hath brought him to this misery: paints and points him out his dissolute life, his frequenting of bad company, his prodigalitic and adulterie: but aboue all, his masked hypocrisie, which hee sayth, in thinking to deceiue God, hath now deceiued himselfe: yea in heavenly and religious speeches, informes him how mercifull & indulgent God is to repentant sinners: that hee must now cast off his thoughts from earth, & ascend
and

and mount them to heauen, and no longer to thinke of his body, but of his soule; and so after a learned and Christianlike speech, aswell for the instruction of the liuing, as the consolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himselfe to die: hee pronounceth, that for his execrable murther committed on his owne wife *Merilla*, hee should hang till he were dead: and so besought the Lord to bee mercifull to his soule.

And now is *Alibius* againe returned to his prison, but still remayneth obstinate and peruerse, affirming to all the World, that as hee hath liued, so hee will die innocently: But God will not suffer him to die, without confessing and repenting this his bloody and vnnaturall murther.

These his graue and religious Iudges, out of an honourable and Christian charity, send him Diuines, to prepare his body to the death of this World, and his soule to the life of that to come: they deale most effectually, powerfully and religiously with him in prison: and although they found, that the deuill had strongly insnared and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardened his heart to his perdition: yet God, out of his infinit and ineffable mercies, added both power and grace to their speeches, and exhortations, so as his eyes being opened, and his heart pierced and mollified: they atlast so preuaile with him, that being terrified with Gods iustice, and encouraged and comforted with his mercies: he with reares, sighes and grones confesseth this murther of his wife, and not onely bitterly repents it, but also doth thanke these godly Diuines

Diuines, for their charity, care and zeale for the preservation and sauing of his soule, and doth vpon his knees beseech them to pray vnto the Lord to forgive him.

Wee haue seene *Alibius* murder his wife *Merilla*: wee haue seene his apprehension, imprisonment, triall, conuiction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloody fact: wherein wee may obserue how the iustice of God still triumpheth o're the temptation & malice of the diuel, and how murder, though neuer so secretly acted, and concealed, will at last bee detected and punished. What resteth there now, but that after we haue hereby made good vse of this example, wee see *Alibius* fetched from his Prison, and conueied to the place of execution: (whereat (as we haue heard) hee formerly stumbled in iest, but must now in earnest) where, although it were timely in the morne, (as hauing the fauour to dye alone, and at least three houres before the other condemned malefactors) an infinite number of the Cittizens of *Brescia*, (of all rankes and of both sexes) assembled to see *Alibius* take his last farewell of this World.

At his ascending vp the ladder, his sayre gray beard and comely presence drew pittie from the hearts, and teares from the eyes of the greatest part of the spectators, to see that the diuell had so strongly enchanted and seduced him to lay violent hands on his wife, and to see so graue and so proper an aged man thus misfortunately and vntimely cast away.

His speech at his end was briebe and short; onely

he freely confest his crime, and with infinite sighes and teares besought the world to pray for his soule: he lamented the Vanity of his youth, and the dissolutenesse of his age: told them, that his neglect of prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the diuell, had brought him to this shamefull end; and therefore besought them againe and againe to be-ware by his example: and so having solemnly freed his second wife *Philatæa* from beeing any way acquainted or accessary with the murther of his first wife *Mirilla*: he recommending his soule into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as he had lived dissolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibius*: the which I was the more willingly induced to publish; partly, because I was an eye-witnes both of his arraignment and death, (as I returned from my trauels,) but more especially, in hope that his example and History may proue to be as great a consolation to the godly, as a terror to the vnrighteous.

To God bee all Glory and prayse.

FINIS.

E R R A T A.

Page 8. line 16. for immodesty, read modesty. page 8. line 31. for *Cressonbille* r. *Cressonville*. p. 36. l. 36. for hee gaue him r. shee gaue him. p. 36. l. 5. for would haue it r. and God would haue it. p. 42. l. 28. for deepes r. deepe. p. 63. l. 3. for of their issues r. of the issues. p. 73. l. 10. for righteously r. vnrighteously. p. 76. l. 8. for *Mallord* r. *Mollard*. p. 83. l. 14. for better, r. bitter. p. 85. l. 31. for content r. his content. p. 111 l. 3. for more acceptable then heretofore, read more acceptable to God then heeretofore. p. 173. l. 23. for it, r. is.
